THE COMMONWEAL

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THE SLOUGH OF DESPOND

IT IS, perhaps, not wholly accidental that the popularity of John Bunyan has increased. The phraseology of few authors could be so well adapted to describing that almost bottomless chasm through which the prosperity pilgrimage has lately passed. Bunyan, however, was also a master of the diction of hope. He should prove a valuable reference for those whom Mr. Hoover has summoned to protect the nation's welfare. A series of industrial conferences, participated in by prominent leaders, has emphasized the solidity of the financial bed-rock and has most emphatically endorsed the chief contemporary economic theory. Still more important, no doubt, was the decision that employers would not curtail wages and that the unions would refrain, temporarily, from seeking increases. Mr. Ford was on hand with his familiar mastery of the unusual. The announcement that Detroit would behold a bulge in myriad pay checks must, indeed, be termed the loudest note in a chorus of benevolent optimism.

At first sight, the success of these conferences seems to make Congress look like an assemblage of squabbling children. Months of debate on the tariff, with no results; a series of oratorical exercises, devoted to Mr. Roger Babson and the Washington Post; primarily, however, a demonstration that sectional and political conflicts can bring the nation's business to a virtual halt. By comparison, the smoothness with which the President's industrial conferences have met and acted reminds us of the decorum of a Boy Scout meeting as contrasted with the perilous disorder of the street gang's get-togethers. And yet? We are far from any tendency to disavow the skill with which Mr. Hoover has utilized the idea, latent in true American democracy, that representative private citizens can be organized for civic or social action. We have heartily complimented him on several recent occasions. But it does seem to us that the aspersions which have been cast upon Congress have gone too far.

The problem which has torn the Senate into fragments was, after all, a problem upon which public opinion has been focused for generations. There are dozens of varying attitudes toward it, ranging all the way from approval of Senator Bingham to the belief that Senator Borah is too conservative. You may believe, if you like, that the "coalition" saved the country from a notoriously farcical bill. Or you may hold that the original committee hearings were in line with

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sound commercial common sense. In any case you will be professing an opinion held by a strong group of citizens, who in turn exact that Congress give them adequate representation. If in the end the turmoil of argument waxes so intense that even a compromise is out of the question, one may fix the blame upon public opinion or even the doctrine of democracy, but it is hardly proper to fix it entirely upon individual agents.

Now the great advantage which accrues to an industrial conference is the lack of interfering public opinion. Everybody wants the nation to remain prosperous. Everybody is convinced, more or less, that the great captains have the sole reliable recipe. Of course this good-will is a valuable asset, and is in part amply deserved. It redounds greatly to the credit of the nation, this willingness on the part of wealthy and busy men to view the situation as a whole and to coöperate in behalf of improvement. Indeed, we consider it a "business factor" which is quite as important as any other form of credit. But the absence of enlightened public criticism is disturbing.

Mr. Julius Barnes emerges, for instance, as the chief spokesman for the theory which generally guides all current economic discussion. "The original anxiety of American business," he says in a recent corollary to White House statements destined to reassure the public," has never been over production, but over the maintenance of buying power, which provides markets for the products of industry. That is the problem of today. Production is adequate. We want no interruption as these products go into consumption." This is a simplification which, we confess, disturbs us not a little. If buying power equals credit, and credit the income from production, we seem to be here in a circle which may be too round for comfort. And when Mr. Barnes goes on to tell us that the building trades are the key to the situation—that "every recession in the building construction industry is followed by a recession in general business"—we feel still more uneasy. For here is a case in which consumption appears to be, after all, definitely limited. Not many people will believe that building can proceed indefinitely at the same pace.

We think there is much to be said for the doctrine expounded by Mr. Barnes. But it may be expedient for the public to determine, before banking too strongly on this theory, to examine it with care and to decide whither it leads. Blind national opinion has never been a dependable commodity. Against optimism we shall, of course, take no stand. It has always characterized the American mind and it has contributed to our common success. But being credulous is something else entirely. And it happens also to be, among us, something rather new. After all, we may be in for the return to favor of ancient maxims which have received a fair amount of endorsement from history—honest work, care in the making of investments and caution in purchasing, mindfulness of the rainy day and desire for a reputation for honesty.

WEEK BY WEEK

THE highly precarious condition of the new French government under the premiership of M. Tardieu, unevenly balanced as it is among the many parties or blocs through which French politics carries on its fluctuating course, is well understood by all students of international affairs; and even the casual reader of foreign news must be struck by the difficulties facing France because of the highly complex character of its peculiar system. American Catholics, in addition to the ordinary good-will which they possess for France, have a special reason for hoping that the Tardieu government will overcome its difficulties and advance the general cause of world stability which is so largely dependent upon the equilibrium and peace of France's internal affairs. For in forming his Cabinet M. Tardieu has signalized the greatest advance made in recent years toward the lessening of conflict between the Catholics of France and the bitter anti-clericals who for so long held a dominant position in that country. The Universe, our London contemporary, constitutes our authority for the statement that several members of the new government are prominent leaders in Catholic as well as political circles. M. Tardieu himself has already publicly declared his opposition to those unjust and nationally injurious laws against the religious congregations which have been for so long a source of much of France's social instability.

The Tardieu Cabinet

TO ENUMERATE specifically: conspicuous among the new Cabinet members is M. Champetier de Ribes, the Under-secretary for Finance, who is one of the militant leaders of the Catholic Democratic movement. Another Catholic leader in the Tardieu Cabinet is M. Georges Pernot, Minister of Public Works. M. Louis Rollin, Minister of Mercantile Marine, is a vice-president of the Association of Catholic Youth, an organization which has trained many of the ablest Catholic public men in France. The Under-secretary for Hygiene, Dr. Oberkirch, and M. Robert Serot, Under-secretary for Agriculture, are also Catholics, conspicuous as such in the organization and direction of Catholic cultural and social movements. It is no longer necessary for Catholic politicians in France to be nonentities in Catholic movements and affairs. The great success of the Catholic Federation and the many other Catholic organizations has, as the Universe points out, marked the turning of the tide of public opinion against the further progress of the anti-clerical forces in France. So generally had this change been felt that even when it seemed probable that M. Daladier, chief aide of M. Herriot during the latter's virulent but abortive attack upon the Church a few years ago, might form the new government, there was little trepidation among Catholics. This marked advance has been due principally to direct Catholic ac-

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tion—an organized and expressed determination not to be shut out either from the public life of the country or from just and fair treatment in religious life.

Social Action and the Government

EVERYBODY realizes that the industrial welfare of the nation has been threatened by the unprecedented slump in financial confidence. That this must be traced, at least in part, to a faulty economic psychology does not render it any less serious. It is difficult to explain how a nation which had been uncontrollably optimistic about its future should suddenly have become bottomlessly scared. Just now, however, the task must be to restore sanity rather than to issue diagnoses. And the way in which the federal government has shouldered this job is in itself a splendid bracer. The announcement that tax reductions would curtail somewhat the drain upon corporations meant, in essence, that the importance of direct taxation as a vital economic governing valve was recognized. If this measure is actually voted and applied, the flexibility of our national financial control will have been proved. American prosperity (granted there has been any such thing) depends ultimately upon the maintenance of corporation earnings. These determine not merely the prevalence of employment and good wages, but also the value of the properties in stocks and bonds which the average industrialized employee is accustomed to accept as the normal staples of ownership.

THE government has not been satisfied, however, with an isolated measure. Announcing that he would call a series of conferences with representatives of basic enterprises, Mr. Hoover prepared the ground for constructive leadership toward those social goals which previous conferences have, in a measure, outlined. It cannot be expected that merely bringing prominent business executives together under patriotic auspices will solve many vital problems. But if the corporative importance of private endeavor can be made even a little more evident, mutually extended business and psychological credit will have a tonic effect. A further suggestion, originating with the Treasury Department, advocated an increase in projected public works in order that possible unemployment may be absorbed. We shall be greatly surprised if all this activity does not help to stabilize industry. There is every reason to believe that the substructure is sound, that no perilous curtailment of activity is imminent, and that the disaster of the stock market has only temporarily drained the financial surplus. And yet it would be foolish not to realize that many aspects of the national situation—inability to find money with which to finance new undertakings, and failure to market commodities as satisfactorily as manufactured goods are sold, among others—have been genuinely threatening for a long time. We believe that the government understands what has been happening and that it will exert every means that lies in its power to improve the outlook.

The Mystical Chancelor

FIVE hundred years having passed since the death of Jean Gerson, the greatest chancelor ever to have directed the University of Paris, numerous tributes have revived his memory and contributed, in a measure, to establish his importance. The best of these we have seen is the Baron Ernest Seillière's address to the learned societies of France, in which the essential information was combined with apt comment. Gerson as a mystic was described as one who blended the attitude of prayer with a sound use of reason. It is this aspect of the great man which is probably of the most importance to us now, when so many varieties of irrational and merely enthusiastic "mysticism" are making converts. The historian, however, must reckon more fully with the work of the theologian and chancelor who was, indeed, the "light of Paris," if he would understand the history of Europe in the fifteenth century. No other teacher stood so firmly for those eternal verities which the Church must expound to peoples and governments. M. Seillière certainly left his audience with a clear impression of the moral courage of one who did not hesitate to address words of reproof to selfish princes and to clerics who had forgotten the meaning of their election. We hope that the address will be read by many who, in the very nature of things, were not able to listen to it in person.

Suicide and the Church

INQUIRY regarding the Catholic burial accorded to Mr. James J. Riordan, a prominent banker who committed suicide in New York following the crash in stocks, has also been made of us. Has the Church modified the regulation which insisted that persons guilty of having taken their own lives are not to be interred liturgically? The answer is, of course, clear from canon law, which declares emphatically that in cases where the act does not seem to have been deliberate, religious burial may follow, provided that the ordinary of the diocese extends permission and no scandal is given. In the case of Mr. Riordan, a man consistently identified with Catholic interests, it seemed certain that suicide had been the result of mental aberration and that the circumstances warranted recognition of the normal Catholic convictions of the deceased. More generally speaking, one feels that greater leniency toward suicides is bound to follow the present tendency to excessive nervous strain. Though it has always been difficult to make sure that a man who dies by his own hand is guilty of a deliberate crime, the problem is now much more complex. Who has learned enough about the origins of psychic disease to know positively when and whether an individual is unbalanced? In view of these circumstances one may legitimately hold that Christianity must in-

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crease its effort to impress people with the terrible mistake suicide involves, rather than run the risk of making its final judgments unduly stern.

Religious Good-Will in Canada

IN THE Dundas Centre United Church of Toronto, the pastor, the Reverend E. M. Young, offered a fervent prayer for the recovery to full health and usefulness of the Right Reverend Michael F. Fallon, Bishop of the Catholic diocese of London, Ontario. After this, the congregation united in singing a hymn of petition for one seriously ill. Bishop Fallon is reported to have been very greatly affected when he learned of the incident, and to have caused a message of sincere thanks to be conveyed to the Protestant pastor and the members of his congregation. Happily, the action of the Toronto Christians of a communion other than that of the sick Bishop was not considered as anything more than a reflection of the sentiment of the bulk of Protestants in Ontario and throughout Canada. It is only necessary to read the eulogies that have appeared in newspapers, religious as well as secular, of the work as apostle of tolerance and broader understanding of the late Archbishop Mathieu of Regina, to realize that Canadians, while adhering to their individual forms of religious belief and religious practice, have the utmost respect for those of others.

Science en Route to Malden

WE shall give an eye-witness's account next week of the happenings in Malden cemetery, but meanwhile it will be well to remember that nothing in the Church's attitude toward the events at Father Powers's grave can be interpreted as a belief that miracles have been performed there. Her recognition of manifestations of this kind as divinely authentic has been in all ages notoriously slow. And her deliberation is markedly in contrast with those who, anticipating a new Lourdes or Saint Anne de Beaupré, are immediately active in demonstrating that cures so-called are explainable in terms of simple science, and that some day science will reach the point where the miracles of Christ will easily be duplicated by the wise men of a new age. Thus Dr. William T. Walsh, rector of a Protestant Episcopal church in New York City, is prompt in declaring that "Christ and His disciples developed a highly efficient technique of healing," and "employed methods which only recently have been adopted, and with success, in our more modern clinics." His remarks, he explained, were a challenge to those who "believe the biblical miracles cannot be explained scientifically." If Dr. Walsh believes in all the biblical miracles, every Catholic will accept his challenge. No one today denies the existence of neurological ailments which can be cured by a change in mental reactions. But what scientist is going to accept the miracle of the loaves and fishes, the raising of Lazarus, the Resurrection or the Ascension, and reduce them to a scientific formula? The miracles of Our Lord, as recorded in the New Testament, were not confined to the healing of diseases to which distorted imaginations might have contributed.

Father of the House of Commons

WHEN T. P. O'Connor left Dublin to seek employment as a journalist in Fleet Street, he must have told himself that the route was old and well trodden. Goldsmith, Burke and Sheridan had made similar journeys and come as near the end of the rainbow as it is possible for man to arrive. By comparison with these giants, "Tay Pay" naturally seems humble, but his career had its own especial greatness. He mastered the technique of modern journalism and adopted some of its attitude toward life. This involved a loss of poetry and spiritual passion—O'Connor had in him nothing of the stuff of Pearse or Emmett—but rendered humor, comment and debate powerful weapons against prejudice and dishonesty. In politics he hewed to the line of Parnell, and say what you will, that has not been without its virtues. As a journalist, he must be remembered as one of the most original and effective of all political columnists. There were times when his eagerness to operate through the medium of public opinion may have seemed wrong to the more intellectual and revolutionary among his countrymen. But these can never profitably forget him and in the end—who knows?—they may discover that he was right.

Against Tinker Bell

PETER PAN must replead the cause of Tinker Bell. For now a new program, embodying modern theories of child psychology, is being completed at Teachers' College, Columbia University, and the elf, the gnome, the jinnee, the witch and all the folk of fairyland are banned. Miss Marie Duggan of the College's Bureau of Education Service has pronounced the edict: "We must remove from the nursery and the kindergarten those utterly ridiculous fairy tales in which animals and birds are endowed with human qualities and talk like human beings. . . . Just as a child is conditioned at an early age to eat spinach and turnips and similar foods at which he might later balk, so he should be conditioned to appreciate good books, even though he may not realize until much later just how good his books are and why they are good." We hope Miss Duggan's other reasoning is not as faulty as her analogy. She should study the famous cartoon in the New Yorker depicting the rebellion against broccoli of the five-year-old, fed on spinach since infancy, and his words, "I say it's spinach and I say to hell with it." Little boys and girls will not crowd about a mother's knee with demands for literary spinach even if the diet includes "Herodotus, Shakespeare, Edna St. Vincent Millay and Nathalia Crane." Instead the imagination of a child, which should be stimulated at this stage if anything else

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should, will be balked by conjuring the image "A stands for adding machine, axle and algebra." Adults do not believe in fairies but they do believe in fairy tales, for themselves as well as for children. Let Ariel, Titania, Fafner, the King of the Golden River, the water babies, Undine, the Snow Queen and a host of others testify.

What Is Sentimentality?

IS IT true that the amount of sentimentality in the world remains constant, and that it is only its form which changes? In the current North American Review, Louise Maunsell Field investigates (rather tartly) our alleged modern freedom from the emotional cliché in literature, and decides that we have no basis on which to make the boast. Not only, she finds, do "the purveyors of skimmed milk and saccharine" actually continue to address an undiminished audience; but our respectable realists, those chiefly responsible for what we have been instructed to consider our emancipation from earlier literary falsehoods are just as prone to render life according to a predetermined pattern as the very rose-water writers whom they are always congratulating themselves on excelling. It makes no difference, according to Miss Field, that, whereas the old preference was for innocence vindicated and virtue rewarded, the new preference is for drabness, suffering and vice. It is sentimentality just the same: that is, it is emotional disproportion, a misrepresentation of the actual in favor of some scheme or formula of existence which the writer likes better.

THIS is a just and sensible arraignment, but one's assent to it may be so sweeping as to exclude two considerations which deserve to be mentioned. The first is that the modern talk of "candor" and "intrepidity" has been incidentally useful to the forces of light. Though these lofty terms are usually invoked to cover the mere process of selecting or composing facts according to models which are by now too drearily familiar, the tradition which they presuppose does make the occasional faithful recounting of a radiant or a challenging truth easier for the average writer, on the whole, than it used to be. We even have the paradox that novelists outside the Church will sometimes heartily praise her, emboldened thereto by the fact that nowadays "one can say anything." This, of course, does not remotely justify the violations of taste and morals for which the school of "unflinching truth" is often responsible. But it must be counted as an advantage, and not a negligible one, against the long tally of wrong-headedness and corruption which we are forced to chalk up after much of the realism of our time. The second consideration which might move one to suffer these writers, if not gladly, at least philosophically, cannot be better expressed than in Miss Field's own words: "If too much treacly sentimentality slathered over beauty and innocence, home and mother, has done much to make them all alike objects of derision to the truly up-to-date, is it too much to hope that the sentimentality now being lavished on the hideous and the abnormal will in due course of time produce a similar revulsion?"

A Sceptic's Opinions

IN VIEW of the fact that Anatole France is still regarded with much favor in America, the following terse comment by Jacques Bainville may not be uninteresting: "A literary journal asked not long ago, with more than one hint of doubt, what would remain of the author of Thais. We know, at all events, what will perish—the opinions, those of all the Jérôme Coignards in his books. Anatole France had opinions, which is a scandal. For opinions, according to the verdict of the sage of old, are the vanity of the human spirit. And he had them on every conceivable subject including the Spanish-American War in which he was feverishly interested. A sceptic who has opinions? To what purpose? In order to change them? I believe that France, at the end of his days, regretted having had them, and in such quantities, if we may trust a few words recorded by M. Nicolas Ségur. One has ideas. Or one even has principles, if one is capable of arriving at any. But opinions? Deplorable!" All of which is true and in the manner of Marshal Foch, who is said to have regarded with curious disfavor all those soldiers who confessed to merely holding opinions.

The Prince and Mr. Beggans

THOUGH externals play a part in our estimate of our fellow-men, the tailor's slogan, "Clothes make the man," certainly refers merely to appearance and not to character. No philosopher should attach any intrinsic significance to a gaudy necktie or a boyish bob. Specifically, wrist watches, though previously labeled effeminate, were masculinized by the war. But though it is not exactly new, this is a development of which Mr. John Beggans, of the Jersey City Police Department, must have been unaware. "I don't like to see cops wearing wrist watches," he said. "I wish they would give them back to their sisters." Curiously enough, this item was juxtaposed in the news with a despatch from London which heralded knitting as a pastime for men. The Prince of Wales (an arbiter of men's styles if there ever was one) has knitted three scarves which are on display at Queen Mary's London Needlework Guild. His brother, Prince George, the Earl of Harewood, Baron Gainford and Baron Holmpatrick have also been busy clicking the needles. Are we to call these men and the many others who have sought to soothe their nerves with purling, sissies? We caution Mr. Beggans. Let him overlook the wrist watches of his cops or else he may visit a station house one day and discover those burly gentlemen engaged in counting two and dropping one.

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GEORGES CLEMENCEAU, of whose last book we had occasion to write in these columns last week, is dead at the age of eighty-nine. If he had died at three score and ten, one could have said of him only that he was a rationalist of the sort most active and successful in France during the early years of the twentieth century; that he was the most picturesque of all anti-clericals; that his fortune had taken some striking turns, ruinously in the Boulanger affair and the Panama scandals, happily in the Dreyfus case; that near the end he had come into the dignity of the Premiership, and that his three years' tenancy would be remembered among other things for the inauguration of quarrels which had no pleasant effect in France. But as it is, he is remembered as Père La Victoire. His great moment came when he was seventy-seven; when through his Victory Cabinet he had the opportunity to put down the defeatists and inspire France with his own confidence and will to win. Of what has happened since we spoke sufficiently last week. The career of Clemenceau is one of the most astonishing of modern times. It became so because he was an adventurer of the Rooseveltian character; in journalism and politics he was marked with the faults and the virtues of that type.

Clemenceau Passes

EVENTS IN MEXICO

THE Mexicans elected Pascual Ortiz-Rubio. It was long since perfectly obvious they would. It is vastly more difficult to be an anti-administration candidate in the land of Montezuma than it is to be an anti-Republican candidate in Connecticut. The interesting point is, however, that the country has witnessed a real political campaign, argued out with what must on the whole be described as a minimum of violence and bloodshed. For weeks José Vasconcelos has charged admission to his political addresses, has discussed the national situation with a practical idealism which reminds one not a little of Gandhi, and has seen women kneel to kiss his feet—after the customary Mexican fashion—in order to express their gratitude for revived hopes. If the administration candidate has meanwhile seemed relatively staid and non-committal, it must be admitted that he said at least a few things of moment. He declared, for instance, that his government would abide by the decision to end the war against religion. He assured all that Mexico's national assembly would make room for duly elected representatives, even if those representatives bore a clerical stamp.

Just how far important civic matters have been referred to the people for decision is, however, another question. All government contains an element of reliance upon conquest. When Jefferson declared that the state derives its power from the consent of the governed, he obviously meant that a nation was necessarily formed by those who were strong enough and sufficiently organized to establish it. Afterward their object would, of course, be to rule so justly that no opposition would think of changing the form of government—the constitution—although they might well hope to effect peaceful revolutions through a shift of personnel. In Mexico there has as yet been no progress beyond the crude early stages of conquest. A revolutionary movement set up a constitution and a power. It has been able to quell armed opposition and to maintain its grip upon the centres of authority. But it has not succeeded in ruling well. This failure is due partly to certain weaknesses inherent in the movement itself, and partly to the fact that "peaceful revolution" through the clash of party opinion has remained impossible.

The campaign is, therefore, a hopeful sign that some development in the way of democratic order is possible in Mexico. But signs have not been wanting that the match to ignite another rebellion is in the hands of disaffected politicians. Vasconcelos is right, very probably, in feeling that he did not receive a square deal. The "administration" candidate toured the country in private cars supplied by the government. In at least five instances Vasconcelos's followers were set upon and made to fight pitched battles. The voting booths were, most news accounts agree, controlled with the same partizan fervor which once prevailed in squatter Kansas. Grant all these irregularities and more, however, and you have not destroyed the value of the campaign. It is sincerely to be hoped that the followers of Vasconcelos will realize this fact and plan for the next election rather than for the next rebellion. The second might oust Ortiz-Rubio, but under no conceivable circumstances would it ever bring Mexico even a single step nearer to orderly political life.

This truth seems to have been fully comprehended by those who are guiding Catholic opinion in Mexico. The ranking ecclesiastic in the state of Coahuila declared: "There is absolutely no truth in the report that we have given support to the anti-revolutionist candidate. This is true not only with regard to any individual state but also with regard to the republic as a whole. The clergy have definitively adopted a policy of remaining aloof from all political controversy." It is admitted that many aspects of the religious question await proper settlement. In some places, local officials have virtually refused to abide by the settlement effected by Archbishop Ruiz, and so far the federal authorities have not been able to interfere successfully. But the day when the Church might hope to seek its rights through revolution is manifestly over. It must pin its faith to the progress of the country toward democratic security.

The President-elect seems to foreshadow an advance. Though not a brilliant man, he has excellent qualities far too seldom found in prominent Mexican politicians. Señor Ortiz-Rubio is an engineer by profession and has had many years of practical experience.

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After having fought with the revolutionary army, he held several important offices and was finally appointed ambassador to Brazil. He is the author of a history of Michoacán, his native state, and has written several other books. Coming from a good family he ought to find it easier than former Presidents have to utilize the services of professional men; and though it is feared he may be too subservient to the wishes of his predecessors, there is good reason to believe that they—notably Calles—plan to strengthen the powers of the legislature and to diminish the autocracy of the executive. Certainly Ortiz-Rubio is not a first-rate thinker or a magnetic personality of the Vasconcelos stamp. But the last-named man is really an educator. He may ultimately do a great deal to build up Mexican public opinion. If he weakens and tries to foment rebellion, however, his usefulness will be at an end.

In any case, the condition of Mexico is tragically serious. Its racial and social problems are far more acute than they were thirty years ago. The Indian population vacillates from a position of subserviency to graft-seeking officials, to a state of false importance in an army recruited solely on a mercenary basis. In so far as economics are concerned, the country faces three tremendous problems: how to get out of the impasse to which a succession of muddle-headed agrarian policies have led; how to manage the railroads, oil fields and other industries or natural resources; and how to extricate itself from an enormous mass of fiscal difficulties. Mexico cannot indefinitely continue to quarrel over its arable lands and to neglect irrigation projects, if it wishes to keep from starving. So far, however, little that seems promising has been said regarding the question. What is needed first of all is safe and easy credit. The next requirement is a corps of seasoned agricultural engineers equipped with something like authority. The other problems also seem quandaries to the great majority of Mexican politicians. But everybody appears to realize that Vasconcelos's insistence upon management must be substituted for the old and easy confidence in slogans.

We do not conceal the fact that Señor Vasconcelos has a very positive appeal for us. In several respects he calls to mind the great figure of Jefferson and his courage has been exceptional. Without him there could have been no such campaign. One of his supporters has written: "From a sociological point of view the campaign has been very interesting as a mile-stone in the integration of a new social structure; as the transition from personal rule to institutional civil government; as marking the decline of political apathy and the growth of social action in contrast to the 'atomism' which has characterized our organization; as reflecting the tradition of the Spanish-American prophet-statesmen under whose influence Vasconcelos has come." Well we hope it has really been a mile-stone and that the government of the United States will be able, in a measure, to preserve the achievement as a cardinal principle of its own activity in Mexico.

STORY OF A SPECIAL SESSION

THE special session is over, to the relief of many, including Senator Moses, to the disappointment of the newest of the senatorial groups, the Young Guard, the Turks, dedicated to the rescue of the President. In four days the Senate had done more with the tariff bill than in the previous three weeks; after long confusion, order was beginning to appear; the end was not yet in sight, but an approach had been mapped out.

We decline to agree with those who feel that any tariff bill at all would have been better than none. No doubt the special session cost the government dearly, and it was devoted almost entirely to work on the tariff. If we are getting very little in return for this expenditure we can still be thankful that it did not buy us the Smoot-Hawley Bill in its original form.

Through the greater part of this amazing session, Mr. Hoover has kept his hands off, which is what no one could have predicted of him in March. And it was not indifference; it was helplessness. He could do nothing. Here was a volatile situation, apt to fly off in any direction, at a touch. He spoke once, to ask that flexible rate-fixing be left in his power, and was rebuffed. Finally he asked for action. There was a flurry of activity, and then the Senate adjourned.

What caused all the trouble, of course, was the refusal of the regulars to heed the President's wishes for a moderate revision of schedules, and later the refusal of the agricultural interests to accept anything less than what had been promised them. As far as the farmers were concerned, the Old Guard had expected that what had happened before would happen again. The campaign of 1928, with its sweeping promises, was buried and done with; industrial schedules could now be nicely fattened; the farmers would be made a few mild concessions, they would complain for a while, and then take what they had been offered and make the best of it. But for once representatives of the agricultural states were not so innocent, nor so impotent. Complaints were louder than had been expected; were more numerous and more menacing. And by autumn it was very plain that if anyone could be neglected, it could not be the farmers. They were out for protection. Industries of all kinds had been the chief beneficiaries of other tariffs; the farmers would cash in on this.

There came to be almost as many divisions in the Senate as there were members. Democrats, Insurgents, Independents, Old Guard, Young Guard, made alliances which were dissolved and renewed. There were so many denials of any possibility of a third party that it was only natural to suspect that we had here the first seeds of such a party. Actually, no one knew what the new and shifting alignments meant, what they signified, until the vote to remove manganese from the free list. Then everyone knew what they meant. It was a case of every dog for himself.

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PATERNALISM ALOFT

By FRANCIS D. WALTON

What can and does the government do to promote the safety of air travel? Mr. Walton believes that it would be impossible to give a complete account of the ramifications of the jurisdiction which the United States has assumed over commercial aviation. The results are interesting. Though there are many accidents, practically all of them happen to pilots of unlicensed planes. Here, then, is an example of a new and different kind of government control fostered by Mr. Hoover while Secretary of Commerce, the results of which the average citizen may examine for himself.—The Editors.

THERE is a point in one of the first flights of each individual when, imagination having done its gory worst, the new air passenger is suffused with an uneasy ennui which appears to come from the contemplation of too many details conjured up as the possible fate of one so foolish as to fly. At that point, if the novice flyer is a speculative observer, his mind more than likely will focus in wonderment on the idea that cloth and wood and metal fabricated into a machine capable of flight holds together at all under the forces of constantly changing pressures as it moves through the air at a hundred miles or more an hour. The craft yaws and plunges, picks up and rushes on. The wings are still there. The plane continues to fly.

But if the plane bears prominently on its spread wings the markings NC before its license number, it may be said to accept the industrial fatigue of flight because the United States government says it can. If in the place of the NC there is merely an X, the message from the federal government to the people who may fly in it is that here is a plane which should fly, which it is willing to watch and criticize from the ground, and in which it expressly forbids persons to be carried for hire.

The X is awarded by the government to practical experimental aircraft designs with the expectation that it is merely a primary step to winning the more substantial mark of full approval. As a rule that expectation is fulfilled.

It should prove reassuring to the novice air passenger and to all those who contemplate traveling by air "as soon as flying is safe" to learn that planes licensed NC (the international code signal for approved American aircraft) do not disintegrate in flight. It would be further reassuring to these persons if they could experience the tremor which shakes the Bureau of Aeronautics of the Department of Commerce when the absolutely rare accident of a plane losing its wings in flight does occur. In the case of such an eventuality, all planes of that type throughout the United States would be immediately grounded pending government inquiry. The government's type certificate under which such a plane was manufactured in quantity would be revoked, and if final examination showed the design as aerodynamically unsound, the factory, the plant, the entire organization of that aircraft company could be disbanded.

Here is but one aspect of the government's control over those invisible tracks in space above the United States which have been so picturesquely named "sky roads." It appears almost impossible to give a complete picture with a single phrase, a single statement, or a book even, of the ramifications of the jurisdiction which the United States government has assumed in its regulation of commercial aviation.

Both the nature and the limitations of this supervisory power, however, can perhaps best be set forth with the statement that in 1927 more than 60 percent of the aircraft accidents of the United States occurred in unlicensed planes. And even this requires some additional qualification. You may not be able to drive your automobile minus a license down Fifth Avenue or up Main Street without running afoul of the constabulary, but the Bureau of Aeronautics, without an air police or a police force of any kind, is hardly in a position to restrain you if, from a vacant lot in Iowa, you choose to risk your neck in a home-made skycraft or a standard plane to which renewal of license has been refused. All that the government has been able to do in such cases is to show rather convincingly, with the aid of statistics, that if what you desire is safe flight you had better take one of the ten thousand or more planes marked NC.

In other fields its guardianship of man's aspirations to leave the surface of the earth and to travel with the birds is more closely and effectively fulfilled. Its licensing of the planes has already been discussed. But in addition, it inspects every plane produced for air traffic, both public and private; not only when the plane is finished but in every step of its manufacture. It inspects and licenses the fields on and off which that plane will operate in normal use; it examines and licenses each and every person who can legally touch its controls in approved flight. It also exercises the additional power which comes through the possible combination of the different factors subject to license. An unlicensed flyer in a licensed plane is an infraction of the law and places the plane's approval in jeopardy. A licensed flyer piloting an unlicensed plane likewise is subject to censure. For the Bureau of Aeronautics can terminate an individual's flying career for a day or for a lifetime. It regulates the cargo, live and dead, which can be carried in different planes. It even regulates the amount of load which can be taken off the earth in an approved plane. And more recently it has begun what seems a necessary work, that of con-

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trolling the methods of educating man in the mysteries of human flight.

All of this has been done under the power of the Air Commerce Act of the United States and through the Bureau's interpretation of that act. It would appear to be mere understatement to say that in no single endeavor of the American people has the federal government taken so active a supervisory part as it has in the control of aviation. On the assumption that human flight is the most revolutionary accomplishment of the machine age, it seems fair to claim that almost unlimited supervision was justified in the case of a machine so dangerous to life and limb in the wrong hands or improperly operated. The current objections and the likely protests of the future against this usurpation of authority will be noted at the conclusion of this article.

First it is necessary to study briefly the manner in which the Bureau of Aeronautics has developed and exercised its control. Assisted by the Bureau of Standards and to a certain extent by the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, it has raised certain definite structural qualifications for every airplane. The principal building specifications for airplanes which the government will approve have been taken from the Army Air Corps requirements for military planes and are among the soundest of their kind. Two years ago the Department of Commerce attempted to recodify the commercial specifications into a new Aircraft Manufacturers' Handbook. The suggestion met with uniform opposition from the builders of aircraft, who advanced the rational objection, among others, that to certify a definite building code at the present time would be to check effectively all worthwhile experimentation. The department dropped the plan. The Aeronautics Bureau, however, has been both far-sighted and liberal. After exhaustive tests it gave its approval to the use of welded steel tubing for the main structural frame of airplanes. In many European countries, where wood frames are still used, this practice is frowned on.

When an airplane is built under the approved specifications for the Department, it is submitted to the government's aircraft inspectors who examine it, fly it, and test it in all conceivable ways, determining its speed, its safety factors, its wing loading, its power loading, and fixing its weight-carrying capacity. If it passes these rigorous tests, it is given an NC license and the manufacturer is awarded an approved type certificate, which gives him a right to produce that particular design in quantity. But the government supervision does not stop there. A government agent is placed in the factory and follows closely every step in the building of subsequent copies of the approved design.

The field work of the Bureau of Aeronautics is all done through inspectors. On every ranking airport of the country there is a Bureau representative, and through him the Bureau officials are able to follow the actual performance of the licensed plane, as well as regulate the entire sphere of aircraft activity. This representative of the government on the airport investigates all air accidents, makes reports, passes on the conduct of pilots, and when that conduct violates the Air Commerce Act, is authorized to recommend suitable punishment.

It would be surprising if such an instrument for the control of a specific, a new and certainly interesting activity of the American people was not on occasion, through overzealousness, thrust beyond the line of reason or personal rights. At least indications of the possibility of such transgression have occurred. The idea of propounding a government handbook which would seek to declare definitely at this stage of human flight what is and what is not an airplane is certainly an example of something like this. But because the Bureau officials have perhaps been more actively interested in aviation than in being Washington officials, they have for the most part been willing to correct their errors and withdraw from faulty steps when the reasons for such a course were placed before them by the men of the new industry. A few years ago the Bureau, in its zeal to keep flying within the realm of reasonable safety, made a tentative suggestion that no licensed plane be allowed to land on anything except a licensed airport! The enormous possibilities for error in the administration of such a ruling appealed at once to the Bureau officers and the proposal, with becoming blushes, was withdrawn.

The Bureau also had a plan for autocratically rating airports. When the unfairness of this was pointed out, that proposal also was dropped. In the matter of controlling instruction in flying, the Bureau itself was more cautious for obvious reasons. Aviation schools are now "invited" to offer themselves for government inspection and the awarding of a rating. This method accomplishes every purpose which could be gained by arbitrarily licensing or refusing to license air schools. For it is natural that a student having the pick of several aviation schools will select one upon which the government has placed its approval, and through the same line of reasoning, for obvious business reasons, the conductors of such schools will gladly seek a federal license and obtain one if it is humanly possible to do so.

There has been a tendency on the part of Bureau officers to license anything and everything legitimately under their control. This orgy for licensing recently has led the government agency into a position where it is receiving some criticism from the flying fraternity. It has already been explained how flyers are licensed. Government licensing starts early in a flyer's career. He cannot begin to take instruction until he has obtained a student's license. When he has soloed and passed a preliminary test to the satisfaction of the airport inspector he is granted a private pilot's license, which does not entitle him to carry passengers for hire and which is of almost no value in commercial

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aviation. Next he may work for a limited commercial license, while far ahead of him, at the end of 300 successful hours in the air, there is the final ticket to be won, a transport license. But as if this were not enough in the way of government tags, the Bureau has recently decided that the highest ticket shall be a limited ticket, and that a flyer who has been flying extensively in small single-engined sport planes shall not be permitted, without special examination and "dual time," to fly large tri-motored planes. The same is true of the large-plane pilot who may suddenly be called upon to fly a small ship. It is comparable to saying that a taxicab driver shall not drive a truck, and that your daughter who drives her sport car with skill and safety cannot drive the family limousine without special approval from the authorities. Needless to say, the flying fraternity are howling over this one.

And in some distant day when Everyman flies and then finds himself some fair Sunday grounded by the little-known bureau in Washington, we will hear a more forceful voice in the land against this power in Washington that controls every civil plane that moves in the skies above America. But it will be fair to assume that in that day as well as this, there will be a sincere appreciation of the enormous task accomplished by the Bureau of Aeronautics, which in its conception and organization represents one of the most vital innovations in President Hoover's former administration of the Department of Commerce.

GUSTAV STRESEMANN

By JOHANNES MATTERN

IN THE universal expression of sympathy at the untimely death of Gustav Stresemann there was revealed the realization of the catastrophe which has befallen the Reich and the loss incurred by the world at large. Not since the days of Bismarck has Germany had the good fortune to possess a statesman gifted as Stresemann was to envisage the true needs of his country. Nor has the representative of a nation defeated and crushed as Germany was, ever been more successful in gaining, in so short a period, the confidence and coöperation of its former enemies in his never-tiring struggle for the fulfilment of these needs.

Facts such as these establish Gustav Stresemann as a statesman of first rank. But after all, the true test of a man's greatness is found not so much in the measurement of his achievements as in the comprehension of the obstacles looming on the road to success. There is no doubt that the chief opponent of the Stresemann of 1923 and after was the Stresemann of 1918 and before.

The son of a humble restaurant keeper in Berlin, Stresemann owed his higher education to his early evidence of intellectual gifts and to his father's willingness to make every sacrifice to give his son a university education. At Berlin and Leipzig he studied political science and economics. Having received the Doctor's degree he became assistant to the general secretary of the Association of German Chocolate Manufacturers and two years later general secretary of the League of Saxon Industrialists. In 1907 he entered politics. With his associations it was natural that he should affiliate with the National Liberal party, the political fold of big business, and that he should go to the Reichstag as the party's candidate. A devoted follower of Bassermann, the party's leader and chairman, Stresemann succeeded to the chairmanship at Bassermann's death in 1917. As member and leader of the National Liberal party, Stresemann naturally was a staunch protagonist of the imperial régime and an ardent believer in the justice of Germany's claim to a place in the sun. As a friend of business he was in favor of submarine warfare as the only means to victory, and with it to the territorial, industrial and commercial expansion coveted by many of the industrialists among his political friends.

This was the Stresemann who faced the collapse of November, 1918, and the anticipation of what the coming peace was sure not to bring. Being business-minded he was by calling or nature constructive. The business-minded Stresemann having turned politician, it was precisely this quality which made of him the statesman he proved to be. Immediately upon the realization of the fiasco of the old order, he set about to establish and assume the leadership of the Volkspartei as the successor of the National Liberal party. The time will come when we shall be able to understand the more intimate motives and the successive steps in the course of his amazing conversion, as manifested in his political activity since 1918. In fact, Von Rheinbaben's biographical sketch goes a long way toward elucidating this proof. But even so, there is no justification for astonishment that, except among the most intimate circle of friends, this apparent conversion was received with scepticism and derision. For those outside the circle of intimates could not but remember the Stresemann of 1918 and before, and they could not but point to the paradox of the past and present.

But whatever the innermost motives for his change of front were, during the five years from 1918 to 1923 Stresemann came to realize that, though loyalty to the memory of old ideals was a sine qua non for the salvation of his self-respect, such loyalty could not be allowed to stand in the way of the more imperious present claims of Reich and people to the unconditional

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support of the republic as the existing, and for a time at least the only possible, form of government. It is true that, during the election for the second Reichstag, Stresemann and his friends of the People's party went to the polls on a platform favoring a democratic monarchy rather than the republic. But Stresemann was too much of a realist not to distinguish between hope and fact. A democratic monarchy might appeal to him as a future ideal, service to the republic was his business now. After the assassination of Foreign Minister Rathenau, the national government enacted the Law for the Protection of the Republic. As speaker of the People's party, Stresemann, addressing the Reichstag, proclaimed the right of protection for the republican constitution and its representative organs. The People's party, he advised his hearers, promised its collaboration in the enactment of the law. It held that the assassination of Dr. Rathenau was not the result of factional conditions, but rather of the total demoralization of German political life. In this connection he said:

> The fight about the past must cease. It is unjust to hold those who are today the bearers of the state's powers . . . responsible for our misery. We must show understanding for a government which is powerless in the face of the demands of foreign enemies, even though we may differ as to the ways which are to lead to the goal. . . .

He rejected the implication that a monarchist could not or should not be an officer of the republic, reminding his audience that the first republican government had expressed its gratitude for the fact that the civil service officials of the old régime had placed themselves at the disposal of the new order. But he concluded that this attitude toward the present "should not prevent our honoring the past." No one could be more deeply shocked at the annihilating terms of the treaty of peace than Stresemann holding to the views expressed above, and no one could be more anxious to secure what relief from these terms was possible. No one could be expected to have a clearer vision than Stresemann to see, nor greater courage to admit, that the most imperative demand of the moment was stoical acceptance of the inevitable and the manifestation of the utmost good faith in the fulfilment of the engagements of that peace, accepted under force though they were.

But his practical support of the republic and his advocacy of the policy of fulfilment brought him face to face with the second obstacle of his career as Chancellor and Foreign Minister, namely, violent opposition from the ranks of his friends as well as open revolt from the Communist left and the extreme Nationalist right. It is well known that, even in his own party, the right wing under the influence of leaders like Dr. Scholz not only failed to approve Stresemann's policy of conciliation, but placed all possible difficulties in his way. Shortly before Stresemann's death Dr. Scholz delivered one of his famous opposition speeches, in which he declared the Hague agreements and the burdens assumed under the Young plan unacceptable. Among the left wing of the People's party this attack was regretted as a stab in the back of Stresemann, the Reich's Foreign Minister directly responsible for the commitments thus attacked. But Scholz was speaking for those industrialists of the right wing who are openly hostile to Stresemann and his policy of fulfilment.

From the Communists and the extreme Nationalists of the Hitler and Ludendorff type nothing better could be expected. When Stresemann undertook the burden of government in 1923, both groups favored the continuation of passive resistance in the Ruhr district with the hope of profitable fishing in troubled waters. That the social and political self-respect of the people in that region was endangered by prolonged idleness, ordered by the national government and maintained by lavish doles of phantom money, that the very soul of the unfortunate population was being poisoned by the attempt of many to evade non-prohibited employment and to secure such doles by deceit and lying, was none of their concern.

In order to enforce generally the national ordinance required to secure popular acquiescence in the abandonment of passive resistance in the Ruhr region, the national government was finally compelled to send its troops into Communist Saxony and to threaten similar action against Nationalist Bavaria. General von Lossow, national commander of the Bavarian division of the Reichswehr, made common cause with the Nationalist rebellion as a protest against Stresemann's conduct of the Reich's foreign policy. That this attitude of hostility has not changed was shown at the time of Stresemann's death. According to Associated Press despatches, the Communists failed to attend the Reichstag meeting in Stresemann's memory and the pan-German Deutsche Zeitung had the unspeakably bad taste to state that with Stresemann's death there was removed one of the Reich's greatest political dangers. His death, the same paper proclaimed, had come at the right time inasmuch as his policy of conciliation was alrady strongly on the decline. In justice to the elements opposed to Stresemann's policy of fulfilment it should be stated that, at least as far as the extreme Nationalists are concerned, their attitude has its raison d'être not in a personal hatred of Stresemann and his point of view, but in their bitterness over the territorial and economic losses inflicted by the terms of peace. Their grudge is primarily one of injured pride and resentment over financial burdens. No one appreciated this more than Stresemann himself, and it was this appreciation which enabled him to bear the weight of their assaults as long and as patiently as he did.

It is the consideration of this hostility and the opposition which brings us to the realization of the third great obstacle in Stresemann's striving for the rehabilitation of his country, i.e., a not illegitimate doubt on the part of the outside world as to the degree to which Stresemann's changed point of view could be taken to represent German public opinion at large. For Strese-

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mann to submerge his sorrow over the disappearance of the glorious past in his effort to secure for his people a tolerable present and a more promising future was one thing. For his country's former enemies to accept Stresemann's professions as the opinion of the majority of his countrymen was quite another matter, especially in view of the relentless persecution to which Stresemann was subjected for his alleged desertion of a sacred cause. There is therefore little wonder that Poincaré felt justified in questioning the German government's motives in its offer for the abandonment of passive resistance as a quid pro quo for the opening of negotiations for the evacuation of the Ruhr.

And yet, what was patently Stresemann's weakness at home eventually proved a source of strength abroad. What finally brought to his country's former enemies the conviction of his and his government's sincerity was the superhuman courage and stoicism with which Stresemann stood up under the lashings inflicted upon him by so many of his own compatriots for the very acts which, in the end, won for him the respect and affection of the outside world, and for his country a progressive lightening of the burden of the treaty of peace. To the extent to which this courage and steadfastness were effective in wringing affirmative votes from abusive lips, or in drowning the cries of the opposition in the volume of ayes, to that extent did he convince the world that at least a goodly majority of his countrymen had come to think in matters of international portent much as he did.

Not that Stresemann deceived himself in believing that he always secured what he had sought to obtain. Convinced of the justice of his country's claims he never hesitated to ask for all he considered within the realm of reason. But ever mindful of the limitation imposed by public opinion abroad as well as at home, he had the good sense to accept with grace what he could get. Having thus through his courage and moderation established trust in his own and his government's integrity of purpose, there began for Stresemann that series of materially modest but potentially phenomenal successes: the Dawes plan, evacuation of the Ruhr, membership in the League and in the League's Council, Locarno, the Young plan, evacuation of the Rhineland by the middle of 1930, negotiations for the return of the Saar valley, and above all, a place of renewed respect for his country's opinion in the consideration of problems of international concern. As to himself and the opinion held of him by the outside world at the untimely end of his career, no greater tribute could be paid to Stresemann the man and statesman than that contained in the simple and touching words of Ramsay MacDonald:

> Many a story I could tell you. Many a picture could I point out to you of that quiet, steady, heroic man standing surrounded by enmity, not only abroad but at home, determined to play a perfectly straight game, determined to carry into practice the proverb that he who does not respect himself is respected by nobody else.

But what will be the effect of the removal of this man from the conduct of the Reich's foreign affairs upon the course of international conciliation? Will his political enemies at home succeed in reviving the old distrust of Germany's former foes abroad? Will their Quixotic demand of a plebiscite for the rejection of the Young plan succeed in destroying all that Stresemann has accomplished? The future must be allowed to answer these questions.

To the pessimist, Stresemann's death in the hour of his country's and the world's greatest need for good-will and square dealing may appear as the brutal stroke of an ironic fate. The optimist may see in it a providential sacrifice destined to bring to a sense of their responsibility the recalcitrant at home and abroad. But whether we dote on blind fate or believe in a wise providence, we can all agree that Germany and the world have reason to be grateful for the fact that in the venerable Hindenburg the Reich possesses a President who, though cherishing a deep love for the past, is endowed with an equally profound sense of duty and devotion to the needs of the present. With courage and determination he has taken steps to prevent the possibility of a crisis at home and of the resurgence of the old suspicions and fears abroad. In the person of Dr. Curtius, appointed by him to the office vacated by Streseman's death, he has wisely chosen not only an intimate friend and political follower of the deceased, but a man after Stresemann's own heart. President Hindenburg has thus offered the best possible guarantee that Stresemann's policy of conciliation which has proved so fruitful for the Reich and the world at large, is not to be interrupted—certainly not as long as Hindenburg remains President of the Reich.

Young Red Angus Says Goodbye

You are going the long journey to the South, my friend:
I shall run beside the train while I keep my breath.
Three weeks and two days we have had, and this is the end.
Every parting is surely a taste of death.

I will go along the white sands of Garramor Bay
And fish cuddy from Ruach-a-Vor, but it is not the same
To be doing these things over now you are away.
That sort of a fishing is a fishing only in name.

I shall not see a serviceable mussel in any pool
But I'll see you reach down and pull it up for a bait
Against my bidding: but there, wasn't I the fool
The night you landed that big fellow, seven-pound weight?

Necessity parts us, or you would not surely go:
You must work in your famous southern city of learning.
Think of us in the short days when the big winds blow:
Think with your big switch lights, of our one lamp burning.

Our boat is housed: the winter is dark ahead.
Goodbye, my friend, goodbye, with the last of my breath.
Life is a discipline here till a man be dead,
And every parting is surely a taste of death.

L. A. G. Strong.

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ADEQUATE PUBLICITY

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

In his previous articles on publicity, Mr. Williams has stressed the legitimacy and importance of the right sort of agency for conveying information to the general public. He likewise pointed out the inadequacy of existing Catholic methods. The present paper offers an analysis of Catholic press publicity. It then proposes for consideration a solution which answers not merely the demand for pertinent religious news but also the "crying need for research work, accompanied by the training of men and women to carry on and further develop such research work."—The Editors.

IN MY preceding articles, facts and arguments were presented to prove that American Catholics lack an adequate publicity system, which lack works grave injury to themselves, to their Church and to society in general; and, furthermore, that they themselves are to blame for this condition, which they could quickly and effectively change for the better. In the present article I shall offer for consideration some suggestions as to how this improvement might be brought about.

First of all, I think it will be useful to reduce the subject to manageable limits, even at the risk of seeming to be arbitrary or narrowly dogmatic. Many volumes could be written on each phase of the problem which in this place is condensed into a few words. It is, however, in the hope that vague or merely emotional discussion of this subject may give place to something more practical, that my own ideas are presented in this summary fashion.

I propose then to deal exclusively here with publicity through the press; not considering, for the present, such other phases as radio talks, lectures or forums.

Catholic press publicity may be classified under two main aspects, or, perhaps more correctly, functions: (a) interior and (b) exterior. The first or interior function of Catholic publicity includes practically all our diocesan newspapers, devotional and literary weeklies issued by the religious orders, and such monthly magazines as are published by the Knights of Columbus and the Church Extension Society. To use a commercial metaphor, these publications might be described as "house organs," circulating as they do almost exclusively among the members of the Catholic Church. A very few Catholic publications, such as the Catholic World, America and, I think it may be permissible to say, The Commonweal, because of their large measure of literary quality and the inclusion of subjects of general interest to others than professing Catholics, must be placed partly outside the above classification, inasmuch as they exert an exterior effect as well as an interior one. A very large number of Catholic books and pamphlets also belong to the first classification. Others, which tend to increase, and which undoubtedly ought to increase, are written for non-Catholics; either to convey information about disputed matters, such as the relations between Church and state and other controversial subjects, or else to expound Catholic doctrine and practice in such a way as to secure conversions to the Faith.

I think it is true that the interior branch or department of Catholic publicity is at present fairly adequate, and is performing its function well. Undoubtedly there is room for improvement, and for the extension of its field; but that is true of any good work, and is not offered as a criticism of its present condition. Since the establishment of the News Service of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, the readability and general attractiveness of the Catholic diocesan newspapers has shown a marked improvement, and year by year this progress continues. The position among Catholics won by such organs as the Catholic World and America is unquestionably very high; and their work is indispensably necessary. The same thing may, of course, be said of more special journals, such as the Ecclesiastical Review, Thought, the Homiletic Review, the Catholic Historical Review, the Catholic Educational Review and others devoted to the higher studies and to the technical problems of the educational, philanthropic and apologetic works of the Church. Our discussion, then, really narrows itself down to the single point of the exterior branch or function of Catholic publicity: what we are doing to reach the non-Catholic world around us, what mode we use in trying to do this, and what betterment can be effected in this department of our publicity.

At this point we face a question which is central to the whole discussion: is there a real need for Catholics to concern themselves with this matter or not? May not the general secular press be trusted to give to the general reading public all the legitimate news and special articles dealing with Catholic affairs or interests which possess general interest or value? Why should Catholics ask for any special consideration in this matter, or devise special means to secure publicity?

I believe that Catholics who favor the development of Catholic publicity perhaps do not realize the number of their coreligionists who are either unawakened to the need for organized Catholic publicity, or who think such action unnecessary. It may be well, therefore, to state the case for exterior Catholic publicity.

Now Catholics are, of course, many other things than merely members of a certain religious organization. They are citizens of the state, being unequally yet very clearly divided between the two main political parties. In their private capacities they are capitalists, workmen, employers, clerks, professional men and women: doctors, nurses, lawyers, judges, teachers, etc.; with one portion definitely set apart for the direct and

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exclusive service of religion as clergymen and members of religious orders: nuns, monks, brothers and the like. Their interests and their opinions and their political, economic and social views of various kinds connected with other things than their religious status, find representation and expression in much the same manner as do those of all other citizens of all other religious or non-religious affiliations. Thus, in political matters, when Catholics are Republicans, they have their own party organization and their party press, in both of which many individual Catholics function influentially—influentially, that is to say, as Republicans, not as Catholics. The same thing is true, of course, as concerns Catholics who are Democrats. As workmen and employees, generally speaking, Catholics are, or may be if they wish, members of well-organized groups, of unions and associations possessing the usual instrumentalities and means for securing the public statement and arguing of their special interests. The same condition prevails in the case of those Catholics who belong to capitalistic, industrial or professional groups: bankers, manufacturers, lawyers, doctors, etc.

Over and above and quite apart from all such interests, however, is the special and exceptional nature of their status as members of the Catholic Church. As such they form a group which, while possibly constituting the single most numerous purely religious group in the country, is, nevertheless, a very small minority when contrasted with the various other Christian bodies, and with the very large body of citizens not affiliated with the religious groups. Not only is this so, but as Catholics they belong to a religious group which for many reasons is undoubtedly more misunderstood, more generally regarded with prejudice and even with hostility, than any other of the religious groups. There is, therefore, an unmistakable need for prejudice to be lessened or done away with, misconceptions to be corrected, and hostility dissipated; not only for the good of Catholics, and for the sake of their own Church, but also for the good of the nation of which they are members. For it is indisputable that no nation can be healthy and function in a normal, wholesome manner if or when a very considerable group of the citizens of that nation are looked upon with distrust or misunderstanding, or with dread, by other large sections of the citizens. Another important consideration presents itself in connection with this point; namely, that Catholics belong to a religion which certainly as much as any other form of religion, believes and claims to exercise the belief, that its doctrines and the philosophy springing from its doctrines, are beneficial not only for its own followers but for society as a whole. Therefore, there rests upon Catholics a direct obligation to spread and expound what they consider to be socially beneficial.

Even when these general propositions are granted, it may be said that the secular press may well be trusted to deal with the situation: first, by keeping the public informed concerning all Catholic events of general interest, treated purely for their news value; and, secondly, by opening its columns to the Catholic side of all controversial matters freely and fairly. There is, of course, some truth in this contention. When the Eucharistic Congress was held in Chicago, for example, the newspapers appreciated the news value of that happening and gave it ample publicity. Other events or happenings connected with the Catholic Church, even when not so extraordinary, are also reported in the pages of the daily press. But this does not meet the situation. A true picture of the Catholic Church cannot be gained by the general public simply through the reporting of extraordinary and special occasions. There are a very large number of happenings and affairs constantly occurring but seldom dealt with in the secular newspapers, simply because they are not brought to the attention of the press, and are not sensational or exceptional enough to oblige the press to deal with them.

I am, therefore, of the opinion that unless or until a Catholic central press bureau or service—the particular name is of little importance but the thing itself is of primary importance—has been established, there can be no change for the better in a situation which at present is most deplorable, and which does not reflect credit upon Catholic leadership, either clerical or lay. Practically every other organized interest in the United States has learned the lesson that it cannot depend entirely upon the routine operation of the secular press so far as adequate representation of its special interests is concerned. Nor, indeed, would it be fair to the press to demand such an extension of its work as would meet the requirements of special interests.

Such a proposed central bureau need not and should not interfere with the present work of the existing agencies, whether of the interior or of the exterior branch of Catholic publicity. There are already many excellent organizations of both kinds. But there is an urgent need for the coördination and extension of these existing agencies in addition to the creation of new ones, and this coördination and assistance could only effectively be accomplished by a central agency.

But in addition to such a work of coördination, extension and assistance to be rendered to agencies operating in the exterior branch of the work, there is above all a crying need for scientific research work, accompanied by the training of men and women to carry on and further to develop such research work. Undoubtedly this work would be predominantly, but not exclusively, clerical. Lay workers for both branches of the apostolate—for apostolate it truly is—would have to be encouraged and developed. There would have to be a centre, and in time several centres, of such thoroughgoing research work, established and maintained at Catholic universities. Scholarships would have to be provided for the sending of selected workers for study or research abroad. Far more important than quantity production, so to speak, in this particular field, is the importance of quality. Unless there is at

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the disposal of writers trained to reach the general public an up-to-date and constantly revised volume of scholarly and authoritative information, Catholic publicity, no matter how it may be extended as to quantity or as to the territory embraced in its operations, will inevitably be a failure.

Which brings us to the practical point of the whole problem, namely: the first thing to be done is for our bishops to decide whether or not such a plan is feasible, and if feasible, whether or not it should be taken in hand. If the answer is in the affirmative, the next step should be the raising of an endowment sufficient to equip and maintain the work which the situation as outlined requires. In my opinion, an endowment for the foundation and the maintenance of such a work of religious research and expression should be at least ten million dollars. Probably it should be much larger. But only such a foundation would be equipped to carry on a work at all commensurate with the needs of the situation and the dignity and importance of the Catholic Church in the United States.

Lo Spirito Santo

The Spirit of God
Is wind and water,
Fire and a bird.
Substance and sod
And earth and matter
Have formed one word.

For who has looked
On a fire blowing
Who has not seen
Banners erect
And waves going
And a bird lean
On a shoulder of wind?

And who has stood
Near a sea burning
Under the blind
Sun's eye and could
By no thought's turning
Look on fire
Or a wind racing
Or a bird thrown
Higher and higher
Toward rocks facing
The sea, toward stone?

So beauty's bird
Wind-wisdom seeking
And sorrow's flood
And love's flame stirred
Are one voice speaking
A word called God,
For fire a word,
With light its daughter
And their golden breath;
Name for a bird
And wind and water
That have no death.

JESSICA POWERS.

MODERN GUILDSMEN

By F. J. SHEED

THE Catholic Evidence Guild is the easiest thing in the world to misunderstand: it is not in the least like what an outsider would expect, because it is not in the least like what its original members did expect. It has grown into its present shape very much as an oak tree grows into its shape—for the Guild, too, is a plant that grows in the open air, the life within it making its own incalculable composition with wind and sky. To drop metaphor: by wind and sky I mean the outdoor crowd with its intricate needs—without consideration of that the Guild would be valueless: by the life within I mean the will of the bishop—without that the Guild would be dead.

Of the deeper currents of this unexpectedness there is no space to speak here—and indeed it is one of the tragedies of the Guild propagandist's life that words cannot really convey the Guild at all: he can only say "come and live with us"—or "try it yourself." But one rather superficial example may be given: the enemy that is always tempting the Guild speaker to give up is the dulness of the work; not the difficulty, nor "winter and rough weather," nor repeated failures; not of course the danger for there is none—but simply the dulness. Excitement is all very well in the early days when enthusiasm runs hot and Catholic teaching, never before so well understood, seems to course through the veins like strong wine, and a man feels that this splendid stuff has only to be shown to the crowd to set them clamoring for admission to the Church. But that wears off. At the end of a year nothing much has happened: the same questioners are asking the same questions: the training class, blandly ignoring the vast fields of Catholic doctrine still unexplored by you, sets you for the third time to cover ground you are sure you know: there is no longer even the miserable excitement that comes from nervousness. Strange, laughable things happen, but at long intervals: conversions come, but tantalizingly (and fortunately) untraceable to any individual effort: optimism seems the last tragic lunacy of broken minds.

It is then, with the first enthusiasm gone, that the Guildsman is made. If he stays on—and in nine cases out of ten he does stay on—it is because he can see no way out of the only real argument for the Guild's existence: that given a large non-Catholic mass, you must either go out to them where they may be found or else leave them to their own devices: the atheist to his foolish taunting of the God Who made him and will one day judge him, the Protestant to his pathetic struggling for the light upon which he has turned his back, the indifferentist to his sheer unconsciousness of all that matters most. It is possible, of course, for a Catholic so to leave them: to say in word or act that he, at any rate, is all right: but only if his own religion has begun to have a taint of theirs. If his faith re-

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mains authentically Catholic, then the outdoor platform is a thing he cannot easily avoid, once he knows that his bishop has entrusted him with the work. That is why it is a mistake to imagine the Guild as a set of high-spirited youths rushing whooping to the attack: still less as wild-eyed apostles with souls at their belts. They are men and women seasoned, or on the way to being seasoned, by years of work: not in the least expecting quick results: pessimists, as one Guildsman put it, who hang on.

Yet perhaps I am giving only half the picture. The ideal Guild character is not a glum pessimist with a sense of duty: that might keep a man in the work but would scarcely recommend his message to the crowd. For that, it is vital that the crowd, however they behave, should feel his "humanity." And they may behave very oddly indeed. They may make a very considerable noise. Worse—they may stay away altogether—every Guildsman has had the dismal experience of gazing over the top of a platform and seeing no human thing between himself and the horizon. The first half-hour is not the worst—not by any means the worst; the better part of sanity still holds, if precariously. And the crowd can do one worse thing even than stay away—they can go away.

But assume the normal—that a rather mixed crowd stays to listen. Then the speaker needs humility, because he is continually bumping against the narrow boundary wall of his own knowledge; and a certain light-heartedness, because even to the crowd he makes no claim of universal knowledge and there is an astonishing amount of good fellowship to be brought into being by cheerful, unresentful admission of ignorance where ignorance is.

The humility and the light-heartedness save the speaker from a variety of temptations. There is, for instance, the temptation to lose one's temper. There is the still greater temptation to regard the questioners as fools—which is unreasonable (for what would Saint Thomas Aquinas think of us?) and ruinous to the work, for you can do no good to the soul of a man you despise. Worst of all, there is the temptation to preach—I say "worst of all," because a preaching layman is an impertinence, and the work of the Guild is teaching, not preaching.

Of that work of teaching hundreds of things clamor to be said, but there is no space to say them here: which is as well since most of them, like all else about the Guild, are the fruit of ten years in the open, are strongly marked with that unexpectedness which I mentioned at the beginning, and would need, therefore, a good deal of explanation. So much is this so that at the present day, when the Guild is beginning in a new section of the country, the method is for an experienced speaker from another Guild to devote three months' hard labor to the establishment of the work in one place of the new area. Once that is set firmly upon its feet, other places in the same neighborhood can send some of their people to learn from it, and so a whole new area can be "guilded." But the first step should always be the living teacher, if at all possible.

At the end of all things, is it worth while? There are now in England some six hundred laymen and laywomen giving their spare time to the work. No one of them receives any payment. Obviously then, those who are doing the work are convinced at first hand of its value. Life is not so easy that people will sacrifice their spare time to no purpose. But what are the results? Converts come in growing numbers. Yet converts are not the object of the Guild's work, and are therefore not the measure of its success. The instruction of the non-Catholic world is what we exist for, and results in that sphere are simply astounding. In large tracts of England the exact meaning of papal infallibility is matter of common knowledge and the ghost of Maria Monk is laid—to choose two examples illustrative of the work in hand. And beyond that is the result never envisaged at all at the Guild's foundation, yet easily its most important work, the regaining of lapsed Catholics.

EAGLES IN THE MEADOW

By STOYAN CHRISTOWE

AFTER resting several times on the grassy rocks up the zigzagging pathway, Grandfather and I set foot on the small grassy mound upon whose brow stood, like a crown, the chapel of Saint Elyia, overlooking the beautiful valley through which wound the silvery Bistritza. On the gabled roof of the tiny grey shrine two old boards nailed together formed a cross, which looked chidingly at the village.

Grandfather stuck the wax light on the rusty candelabrum before the saint inside the shrine, described large arcs in the air as he crossed himself, and after bowing before the faded ikon, asked me to lead him outside. We sat in the shade of the walnut tree, whose mighty twin branches, issuing almost from the root of the trunk, arched gracefully on either side. Grandfather took off his fur calpac and flattened it on the ground to serve him as a pillow.

Huddling close to the skirt of the hill and spreading out toward the bend of the river, the village basked under the hot rays of the sun. The white crescent on its field of red stood calmly on the roof of the Turkish police station. Across from it above the red-capped cupola of the church, the cross glittered against the sky like an unsheathed sword. On either side of the village through all the length of the valley, which stretched from where Grandfather and I sat to the end of the world, ridges of wooded mountains touched the clouds and shut out the other worlds.

Grandfather Bogomir had not been asleep an hour when I noticed two clouds, one white and the other black, sailing up from the lower end of the basin. As their shadows advanced toward us, I discerned that they were made up of hundreds of separate bodies which quivered in the air like bees in a swarm. Gradually the specks grew larger and began to assume the shapes of birds, floating uniformly with outstretched wings.

Before the shadows of the clouds had overcast the village, the clouds themselves began to descend upon the earth. In beautiful, sweeping waves, the sun reflecting brilliant colors on

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their smooth surface, they settled on the meadows on either side of the river.

Pulling the old man by the arm, I shouted, "Grandpa, look!" Grandfather Bogomir rose, passed his hand over his lustreless eyes, and stared in front of him bewildered. "What is it, my son, what's happened?"

"Look, Grandfather, the eagles and the storks!"

"What eagles, my child, where are they?"

"In the meadows, in front of us."

"You know I can't see, my son. When did they come?"

"They just alighted, Grandpa, the storks are on one side of the river and the eagles on the other."

Grandfather Bogomir caught me by the hand, and made me walk with him to the edge of the hill, from which a better view could be had. "Sit down," he urged, "sit down here on the rock." He was shaking with excitement.

"They will fight," he exclaimed, "there will be war!"

"Who will fight?"

"The storks and the eagles—the birds of Moslems and the birds of Christians. It will be a battle between the cross and the crescent!"

As Grandfather spoke, two storks and two eagles rose on either side and wheeled loftily above the river; the eagles giving a shrill screech and the storks making a rattling noise with their beaks.

"That is the cry of war!" said Grandfather. "The eagles have given their signal!"

The masses of black and white plumage in the meadows started to lift. They formed fronts against the sides of the mountains, flurried at one another in mad vehemence. It was as if the two mountains which had faced each other in tranquil friendship for centuries had suddenly been stirred with rage and started to discharge living bullets from their great sides. The infernal squealing of the eagles split the very bottom of the basin and scared the whole of nature. Against their deafening scream, the voiceless storks rattled their spear-like beaks as if a thousand machine guns had been set in motion at one time. And then claws and beaks and wings grappled and struck and beat and the valley was an ocean of clashing waves.

A detachment of storks rose above the plane of battle and swooped down upon a contingent of eagles, beating them to the ground with beaks and wings. To avenge their comrades, frenzied eagles, rending the air with incredible cries, fell upon the victors and sank their bills like hatchets into the white crops.

And as one roaring white wave fell upon a shrieking black one like a split mountain and buried it beneath its slide, another towered up and burst forth to level its bosom against the succeeding tide. The bleeding corpses of dozens of storks and eagles dropped from the air as though blown breathless by an unprecedented passion of the elements.

Deafened by the rage of the tempest and the hellish noise, Grandfather and I sat speechless and motionless on the rock. Finally Grandfather rose, turned toward the shrine and began to supplicate the patron saint, expressing gratitude for his traditional guardianship of the village and imploring him not to forsake his wards in this moment when the fates of Christians and Moslems were being decided.

But the old man had not ended his prayer when the decimated eagles for whose victory he was praying, overpowered by the bulk of the storks, retreated in a body and sped down the valley like fallen autumn leaves blown by a sudden blast of wind. The conquering storks wheeled about, made jubilant rattles with their beaks, and in beautiful sweeps alighted on the blood-smirched meadows where many of their comrades lay lifeless.

Forsaking these dead warriors, they flew low over the village. Now and then an exhausted one, unable to support the pain of a wound, fell expiring on the roof of a house or in the middle of an alley. Passing the village, the storks soared high, and forming echelons, headed for the mountain passes beyond which rolled the plains clear to the Aegean.

The sun shone on the wounded bosom of the earth. The valley once more began to breathe. Frightened animals which had fled to the woods in terror, strayed back to the pastures timidly, eyeing suspiciously the fallen birds and snorting repelled at the blood-spattered tufts of grass.

Grandfather, who could see with his soul what he could not see with his eyes, patted my hair more affectionately than ever, and drawing me close to him said through his tears: "My good child. . . . Nothing, my son, nothing. . . . The cross shall have its day yet!"

Mates

With feathers dusted by twilight
Two ducks from the windy sky
Came down to the pool in the willows,
And the rest of the flock went by.
And the hunter turning homeward
Marked the place from afar and went on,
Knowing that he would find them
There in the dawn.

The hunter crept in the willows
Before the cheek could tell
If a shadow had brushed against it
Or another slow leaf fell,
And soon in the jeweled lights slanting
Through shadowy boughs, again
He saw them . . . close together—
A drake and a hen.

Each breast had a ripple of water
Against it; the neck of the drake
Had dipped all the richest colors
From some hushed northern lake.
A dry twig snapped as the hunter
Stirred and tested the sight,
And wild wings, flashing from water,
Whistled in flight.

The flame leaped after, the thunder
Crashed, and it seemed to fill
The sky, and the drake's wings crumpled
In air, and fell and were still,
But the hunter missed in his hurry
And the mate was free to go—
And she turned and circled over,
Eyes straining . . . low!

Eyes straining down on the grasses,
Neck stretched down . . . so intent
For a stir of wings that had fallen!
And the hunter knew all it meant
And fired again while he hated
The thing as it happened then. . . .
And knelt and smoothed soft feathers—
Together again!

GLENN WARD DRESBACH.

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A COMMUNICATION

DR. BRUNI REPLIES TO A CRITIC

City of the Vatican.

TO the Editor:—In The Commonweal of March 20, the Reverend John F. McCormick, S.J., reviewed my recent book on Progressive Scholasticism. This review contains some statements to which I cannot subscribe.

In the first place, the work in question is far from asserting that the problem of the relations between faith and reason presented itself for the first time to Albert the Great and Saint Thomas, and that it was fundamentally solved by them without contributions from preceding thinkers. It is admitted that there were such contributions and that they were notable ones. Is it not repeatedly pointed out in the book that the Thomistic system is the result of a synthesis? It is well known that many thinkers prior to the thirteenth century announced important truths concerning the age-old problem and threw light on many of its aspects. What is more, in order to find some very significant assertions on this subject, we need not stop with Boethius, to whom Father McCormick specifically refers; we can go back to the Patristic period where, beside the great writers, we find one but little known, namely, Salvianus of Marseilles. In his precious little book, De Providentia Dei, written about the middle of the fifth century, we find not indeed a finished system on the relations between faith and reason (nor can we find it in Boethius, for that matter) but a number of pertinent statements on this question. Had these statements been connected and developed with rigorous logic, they would have yielded the systematic solution of the problem. As a matter of fact, however, this synthetic task was finally achieved only in the thirteenth century, and that under the guidance of Aristotelianism, then revealed in its entirety to western Europe. That I was not unmindful of the contributions made to the Thomistic synthesis by the entire mediaeval period is evident from my work on Salvianus, entitled, An Apologist of Providence, and cited in Progressive Scholasticism on pages 19 and 20, where it is shown that the problem in question was definitively solved in the thirteenth century.

But it is above all the second assertion of Father McCormick which calls for comment. He refers to the Thomistic *system* as "a system of philosophy so permeated with the spirit of the Catholic faith and . . . so closely interwoven with the expression of the formularies of that faith, that it seems to have acquired something like the indefectibility that belongs to the faith itself." In the same breath, however, the reviewer denies any "essential association" between the Thomistic system and the Catholic faith. Hence one does not see up to what point he wishes the Thomistic *system* to be regarded as thus "closely interwoven" with the Catholic faith. Hence, too, the first statement of Father McCormick does not lend itself to a precise refutation. None the less, it clearly reveals an attitude toward the Thomistic system which I would not call scientific; an attitude, moreover, which goes beyond the one the Church itself has actually heretofore maintained toward that system.

It would be a grave and condemnable error to identify a system—any *system* as such—of philosophy with the Faith. (See Garrigou-Lagrange, Le Sens Commun, pages 347 to 359; this is a treatise on the philosophy of being and dogmatic formulas.) Moreover, if one may speak of a relation of identity, that relation is verified only as to the *truths* of the respective domains of knowledge. Indeed, when there is question of truths, it is no longer possible, objectively speaking, to draw any valid distinction. By virtue of this fact the many philosophic truths enriching the Thomistic system are to be no longer regarded as only intimately connected but as wholly identical with the truths taught by faith on the same subject. But it is a wholly different matter when one speaks of a system, as Father McCormick does in the passage under discussion.

For if we consider the question from the formal viewpoint of the process through which the one and the other science reach their affirmations and conclusions and systematize their knowledge—which is the main point in question—how is it possible to establish that intimate connection between any philosophic system and Catholic theology? The latter founds its system on authority, while the former is based on reason. Without detriment to what was said above, it must be asserted that this impossibility of completely effecting the intimate connection between a system of philosophy and theology exists also from the material point of view, that is, from the viewpoint of the content of the two sciences. For it should be borne in mind that because of the weakness of our intellect, we can reach final conclusions, fundamental theories by various ways, and therefore through the inclusion of diverse intermediate doctrines. As a matter of fact, the same ultimate conclusions, all attuned to the Faith, were reached by two philosophies, that of Saint Augustine and that of Saint Thomas. And yet, what a difference between the philosophic system of the one and that of the other! Hence it is that because I am far from regarding the Thomistic system as inviolable and indefectible, I do not condemn the Neo-Scholastic movement, intent as it is on enriching, completing and eventually correcting Saint Thomas after having, of course, thoroughly understood him. On the contrary, I feel in duty bound to encourage this movement out of love for science and for the glory of the Catholic name.

And when speaking of a system attuned to the Faith, it is well to point out that it is not absolutely necessary to profess Thomism; one may, for example, be an adherent of Scotism or of Suarezianism. To be sure, there is a difference between system and system: among the various systems there is the more and the less perfect. The Thomistic system may excel the others (as I believe it does) and therefore have a more intimate relation with the teachings of faith in so far as it contains a greater number of truths. But this, it seems to me, does not justify the assertion of the intimate connection of the Thomistic system with faith desired by Father McCormick. A modicum of the historical sense should suffice to show that the alleged superiority of the system of Saint Thomas over other systematizations concerns the present. Furthermore, unless we wish to commit the folly of attempting to reduce all the philosophic thought of humanity to a Sisyphean labor, that superiority should not prejudice the efforts of posterity. No historian of philosophy can fail to recognize that the Thomistic system was already impaired and in many points modified by the Scholastic thought of the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries, as well as by anti-Scholastic thinkers. Then, too, whether we like it or not, the very Thomism taught in our ecclesiastical institutions belongs, at least in part, to a systematization later than Saint Thomas; it is not, strictly speaking, the whole Scholasticism of Aquinas but rather the Scholasticism which, taken in its entirety, I should regard as arranged

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"ad mentem sancti Thomae," as our text-books have it, and with reasonable and opportune omissions.

For the rest, the ecclesiastical regulations concerning the diffusion and teaching of Thomistic philosophy likewise follow a line of action decidedly more prudent than would appear from a merely superficial examination of certain documents of the Congregation of Studies. This prudence is inspired by the very nature of the teaching office entrusted to the Church by her Divine Founder. Indeed, the attitude of the Church toward Thomism is to be interpreted in function of the following criteria: first, the Church is directly interested only in revealed truths committed to her care; she holds no chair of philosophy, nor is she a propagandist of a given philosophical system; secondly, in view of the impossibility (pointed out above) of establishing from the formal standpoint any essential connection between philosophy (as a system) and theology, the regulations of the Church concerning the doctrinal content of Thomism must be interpreted as necessarily including two groups of truths in the Thomistic system. The first group comprises the doctrines or theses which must be regarded as certain, inasmuch as they are solidary with theological doctrines; the second group embraces the doctrines which, given the actual state of scientific research, must be looked upon simply as not dangerous to dogma; these doctrines, quite numerous and designated as safe (tutae) in theological terminology, naturally remain open to free discussion. Hence an essential connection between theology and philosophy can be verified only from the material viewpoint—that of the content—and it is strictly confined to those few truths which I have called solidary.

I believe, then, that the theologian cannot advance greater claims than these without being disloyal to the nature of his own teaching, without going beyond the limits of his own jurisdiction, and without detriment to the Church. There are some theologians who tend to encroach on the territory of philosophy as well as on that of experimental science, and thus to muzzle the one and the other. The Church would have nothing to gain from the attempt to make the philosophical system of Saint Thomas enjoy a large share of her own indefectibility. Prudence and our sense of responsibility as Catholics warn us not to repeat lightly the episode of Galileo, thus erecting barriers to thought and science which time will eventually prove to be ridiculous—barriers which not only fetter scientific and philosophic progress in our midst, but likewise unnecessarily perturb our religious conscience.

In conclusion, one is greatly surprised that Father McCormick has not a word to say concerning the long and scholarly Foreword with which Father Zybura has enriched the book—all the more so as some of the leading European Scholastics praise it highly in their reviews, pointing out its scholarly character, the valuable information it supplies on the various aspects of Neo-Scholasticism, and the intelligent broadness of mind of its author. (Thus Father Descoqs, S.J., in Archives de Philosophie, Volume VI, Number IV, page 235.) And Dr. Sheen, the eminent American Scholastic, regards Father Zybura's thirty-six page Foreword as "probably the finest presentation of New Scholasticism ever written in America." (The Catholic World, November, 1929, page 242.)

REV. GERARDO BRUNI.

(The Commonweal invites its readers to send in communications expressing individual views on all topics that are of public interest, regardless of whether or not such topics have been previously discussed in its columns.—The Editors.)

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By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Winter Bound

A PROFESSOR of the drama, Thomas H. Dickinson, has stepped from his niche into the arena of actual playwriting, and has produced a play of considerable power on a theme of distinctly abnormal psychology. Winter Bound is not, as several newspaper critics loudly proclaimed the day after its opening, a play of perverted human relationships. To link it with Bourdet's The Captive is, I believe, totally and amazingly to miss its whole meaning and purpose. One could easily cite a dozen lines and a dozen incidents to establish this point. Mr. Dickinson has written sincerely, and often unwisely, about the effort of two girls to escape masculine attentions by wintering together in a lonely New England farmhouse. The motives which prompt them to do this, being motives of escape from reality, are obviously neurotic in root, unhealthy from the start and fraught with the elements of tragedy which the play unfolds. The subconscious implications, unrealized by either of the girls until toward the very end, would find a better forum for discussion in the pathological laboratory than on the stage. But they are not consciously evil motives, and how they can be so interpreted by such an intelligent critic as (for example) John Mason Brown of the Evening Post is one of those mysteries which only prove that playing with smoke is very apt to make the public think one is playing with fire. Perhaps the root of the trouble lies in the fact that the public mind has been so thoroughly poisoned during the last few years that it is no longer able to make that supremely important distinction between potential evil and actual evil, between mental inclination, barely acknowledged if at all, and the deliberate yielding to evil.

This is by no manner of means a hair-line distinction. Many saints have walked this earth whose temptations have mounted to the fury of a storm. Doctors frequently deal with mental disorders resulting from abnormal inclinations which have never been yielded to, but have simply never had the release of frank medical discussion. Even normal inclinations, when only half understood, can produce serious consequences. A simple and everyday case in point is that of the love-sick adolescent girl or boy—the loss of appetite at which parents smile, or the irritability which puzzles them. In later life, when the love instinct is fully and frankly recognized, and dealt with maturely, reason takes command of the situation and the general malaise is lessened through complete understanding of its cause. Mr. Dickinson has written a story of unconscious tendencies, unrecognized by the victims. To brand it, even by innuendo, as a play dealing with consciously abnormal motives or actions is sheer nonsense—one of those careless mistakes which shows the slipshod thinking and confused mental judgment engendered by a vast deal of modern writing and pseudo-philosophical prattle.

After saying this much (in justice to its author) we can look at Winter Bound in its true aspect and still find much to criticize. There is, undoubtedly, a wide-spread social tendency today toward the Amazon colony. Women's colleges can easily be criticized on the score that they help to create, in the minds of girls, an unreal kind of world in which women appear to themselves to be self-sufficient. The slightest exaggeration of this unreality can lead to a definite resentment of male companionship, and end in a cowardly flight from the realities of marriage and its partnership in children and home.

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But Mr. Dickinson has pushed this exaggeration to the nth degree, and made of it a case so special that it loses true social significance and becomes merely a very particular pathological study. A lot of true artistry lies back of the viewpoint that not all material is fit for use on the stage or in literature. The point is this, that art gains real vitality (and thus truly comes to life as art) only through dealing with universal problems. The special problem, however real and intense it may be in the physician's clinic, can never suffuse literature (which includes the stage) with the rich power of art. Winter Bound, in its subject-matter, in its detailed and overexplicit treatment, in its occasional crudity of language and discussion, becomes merely a distressing dissection, never quite lifted out of the mire by Mr. Dickinson's patent sincerity, nor even by his compassion for and deep understanding of his main character and her tragedy of cowardice and flight. Nor even, we must add, by Aline MacMahon's exceedingly sensitive interpretation. Much in the story is a powerful plea for letting the laws of nature take their course despite all the theories of overcivilized minds. But so far as universal importance enters in, the play is one of those unnecessary discussions which account for the anaemia of so much "modern art." (At the Garrick Theatre.)

Your Uncle Dudley

THE authors of that well-remembered comedy, Tommy (Howard Lindsay and Bertrand Robinson) have concocted a new play about the figure of a henpecked and good-natured uncle who supports in one household his mother, his sister and her two children. The niece is the victim of a dragon mother who has determined to make her a great singer. Uncle Dudley is the less able to stop the horrible sacrifice because of the fact that he once borrowed $5,000 from his sister and has never been able to repay it in actual cash. How he finally overcomes this moral obstacle, brings about the marriage of his niece to a deserving if uninspiring boy, and manages, as well, to seal a little romance of his own—all this is the plot material of a comedy which never pretends to any originality but which manages, none the less, to keep one in uproarious laughter from beginning to end.

Like Martin Flavin's comedy, Broken Dishes, we have here an excellent example of what expert writing and characterization can do to lend fresh interest to stock situations. Your Uncle Dudley trots out a hundred familiar faces, but makes you glad to welcome them, as you might welcome neighbors who take the trouble to make themselves amusing and interesting. After all, the search for the unusual is always dangerous sport. It often serves as a mental bar for the writer, making him self-conscious. If the theatre is to serve its main purpose of entertainment, it would seem the part of wisdom for authors to put more energy into making the familiar interesting than into hunting the unfamiliar, with the chance of finding it very dull after all. We all have friends who are bores because they always say exactly the same things in exactly the same way. But we all know, too, the other type of friends who are never bores because they manage to say the same things over and over, but always to say them in a slightly different way.

Your Uncle Dudley is particularly fortunate in the delightful acting contributions of Walter Connolly, of that grand old lady, Mrs. Jacques Martin, of Beatrice Terry (as the dragon mother, of course) and of a lovely little actress named Eleanor Hayden. The entire cast, for that matter, is excellent, and the comedy deserves and will probably have a long and laughter-giving run. (At the Cort Theatre.)

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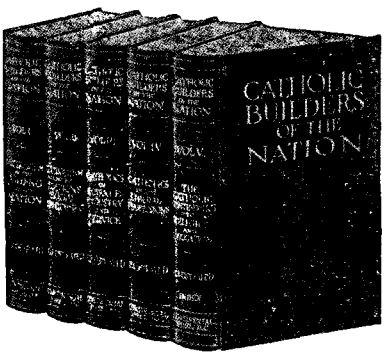

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Ethics in Sociology

Society and Its Problems: An Introduction to the Principles of Sociology, by Grove Samuel Dow. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $3.00.

THIS is the third edition of a work which, we are informed in the preface, has been used in "some hundreds of schools" and the second edition of which "passed through fourteen printings." It is therefore a work of some importance in its field. The topics which it presents are in the main those which find treatment in most of the larger text-books of practical sociology. In addition to an introductory chapter, it contains six parts which deal respectively with Social Forces, Population, Evolution of Social Institutions, Analysis of Society, Social Pathology, and Social Progress. On some controverted questions, for example, the sterilization of defectives, the book is more conservative than the majority of manuals of sociology written by non-Catholics. The chapter on the nature of sociology is more intelligible and concrete than many other conceptions and statements of the science which the reviewer has seen. The attempt of the author (who is an associate professor of sociology at the University of West Virginia) to distinguish between sociology and ethics, and particularly his assertion that "sociology leads toward ethics but stops before reaching it," are not entirely convincing, nor borne out in the subsequent pages of his own volume. As a matter of fact, the sociologist with his theory of social progress cannot help passing judgments upon the value of actions in relation to the goal of social progress. These judgments are essentially ethical. Even if they are not intended to be such, they will be so accepted by the average reader or student who has not derived from some other source a definite ethical code.

Loose generalizations, unscientific statements of fact and superficial judgments seem to be about as frequent in this work as in the average sociology text. Following are a few examples taken at random of these faults. The author says that moral codes "are subject to change and differ with time, place and condition." This is a slovenly statement and a misleading one. In view of the population trends throughout the western world in the last few decades, his assertion that "the world already shows indications of soon being overpopulated" is unpardonable. His fond hope that our scandalously high divorce rate will soon fall, inasmuch as we shall soon be through our "period of transition" and will "have settled down to a new state of affairs," is not supported in his pages by anything like objective evidence. The adherents of the Catholic Church, he says, "have a much lower regard for woman than Protestants have. The Catholic Church, as a rule encourages large families in order to increase the number of adherents . . ." Here are two dogmatic assertions of fact, both of which are untrue and for neither of which he offers the slightest suggestion of proof.

One more example of the things that are not so which he offers us, falls under the head of politics. We are gravely informed that the Irish "are our leading politicians and swing the vote of their nationality almost as a body." No evidence is provided in support of this interesting piece of pseudo-information. He says that for the last twenty-five or thirty years it has been "almost impossible in Boston to elect a mayor or, in fact, almost any other official who was not Irish or of Irish sympathies." One might parallel this with the statement that for a much longer period of time it has been impossible to elect any important official in any one of a half-dozen

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southern states who was not white, Nordic and Protestant. One statement is as true as the other, as misleading and as malicious. Or one might point out that for the last twenty years it has been "almost impossible" to elect anyone to the office of governor of Minnesota who was not a Scandinavian or of Scandinavian extraction. Yet those nationalities form a very much smaller proportion of the population than the Irish element forms of the inhabitants of Boston.

Nevertheless, the book is a useful one of its kind and contains no more misinformation than the average text-book of practical sociology.

JOHN A. RYAN.

Queen Anne's General

Marlborough, the Portrait of a Conqueror, by Donald Barr Chidsey. New York: John Day. $3.50.

IN THE Atlantic Monthly for March, 1929, there appeared under the title The New Biography a diagnosis of those manners and methods which seem almost too common to most of the present-day biographers. Among other contentions, more or less ably illustrated from the recent works of Lytton Strachey, Emil Ludwig and André Maurois, the author insists that the new biography "is essentially detached and dispassionate." "The biographer of the new school," he writes, "is neither a hero-worshiper nor a detractor. His standpoint is that of the spectator, the impartial observer."

One's mind at once jumps to a dozen illustrations which surely refute such a statement. Strachey a spectator, an impartial observer of Cardinal Manning in Eminent Victorians, of Lady Hester Stanhope in Books and Characters, of Philip II in Elizabeth and Essex? It is the very bias of Strachey, yes, even the very blasphemy of him, that makes his portraiture so diabolically charming. Deft, acute, searching he certainly is, and so are Ludwig and Maurois, Francis Hackett and Philip Guedalla, lesser craftsmen though they may be when compared to Strachey; but "objective" and "detached" and "dispassionate," never! They are subjective to the last degree of subjectivity. Indeed, it is this tendency to extreme subjectivity in attitude and in treatment, this inability to lose oneself in one's subject, which seems to one reader at least the outstanding, not to say unfortunate trait of most of the new biography.

And although Mr. Donald Barr Chidsey in his new life of Marlborough can neither think nor write with the ability of Mr. Strachey, he shares like the others in the virtues and the vices of the new school. In many ways his book is captivating. It is eager, fresh, sparkling; its style, though in no sense distinguished, has vitality and alertness. Its incidents are well chosen and well executed; its detail always counts; its enthusiasm is infectious. One forgives a kind of smart journalese, both in style and viewpoint, which repeatedly lends a superficial tinge to rather serious matters; one overlooks Mr. Chidsey's apparent passion for jocular words, for terms and expressions now inedequate, now overdone: "puzzlement," "double-quicking it in fine style," "hypocritical affectation." The book, in short, is pleasantly young, like Mr. Chidsey!

Nevertheless, a pleasure in its vitality cannot blind one to its faults. The undeniable fact that John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, Sarah Jennings, Queen Anne and James II are made to live and move and have their being in these pages cannot entirely compensate for the author's constant intrusion of himself. His use of the first person and of the second for

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that matter (for he has a nonchalant way of addressing the reader from time to time) is annoying; moreover, it is derogatory to the tone of the book. Nor is that tone helped by occasional explosions into a mild profanity, into slang and into a flippancy of language devoted particularly to descriptions of amorous intrigues which, although they may in Charles II's court have been as careless as Mr. Chidsey's English, might well be depicted with a bit more dignity. All these irresistibly draw the attention from the subject of the biography, the Duke of Marlborough, to the biographer himself, and not, we venture to assert, to good purpose.

Mr. Chidsey appends an adequate bibliography to his study. One wishes his foot-notes were more adequate. When they appear at all (and they are most infrequent) they are given almost entirely to the addition of some dramatic detail instead of to references which might prove of real assistance to the more ambitious reader.

MARY ELLEN CHASE.

The Madness of Gilbert Gale

The Poet and the Lunatics, by Gilbert K. Chesterton. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50.

LUNACY has always been an absorbing subject for Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton and from its incredible and fantastic jungle he has frequently emerged with truths that are as startling as the soil from which they sprang. In The Poet and the Lunatics he has developed his ideas about madness more lightly, though no less effectively, than he did in his opening chapter of Orthodoxy. Indeed the present volume of stories is an elaboration of the celebrated statement from the earlier volume: "The lunatic is not the man who has lost his reason. The lunatic is the man who has lost everything but his reason."

The Poet and the Lunatics does not fall into any ready classification. It is a volume of short stories united by a central character—roughly, mystery stories, but mystery stories the like of which have never before been written, even by Mr. Chesterton himself. The flair for outlining a murder, real or projected, with circumstances that are weirdly arresting; the bizarre yet authentic intellectual processes of solution; the keen analysis of character and mood, are present. But The Poet and the Lunatics is more singularly rich in philosophic discussion, the individual plots have been made more subordinate to the thematic material, than in either of the Father Brown books or The Man Who Knew Too Much. In consequence the reader of the usual round of detective stories, since he must crack many shells of abstract dissertation before he can reach the kernel of crime and its solution, will find Gilbert Gale much less satisfactory as a successor to Father Brown than Horne Fisher. But those to whom detective fiction is not an intellectual holiday will find even greater satisfaction in this new figure. And they will be rewarded by writing which even Poe, considered a master in atmospheric description, does not equal. Mr. Chesterton's art in transforming a quiet English garden or a wayside inn into a sinister and grotesque background is unique.

Poet and painter, Gilbert Gale is balanced precariously on that frail fence which divides madness and sanity. Because he is a poet—and to be a good poet, according to Mr. Chesterton, one must be a little bit mad—he is able to paint portraits which are so unerringly true that they are caricatures to everyone but the sitters who understandably conceal both their dismay and their admission of the likeness. Painting

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landscapes, Gale was wont to stand on his head for, said he, "it's a very good thing for a landscape painter to see the landscape upside down. He sees things then as they really are; yes, and that's true in philosophy as well as art." His enemies could not admit the wisdom of righting the world by looking at it upside down. Since Gale did the only sane thing in a topsyturvy world, he must be crazy. And accordingly they moved to place him with the crazy.

From this experience the poet gains an insight into the mind of the lunatic, for he is at once "like him and unlike him." He develops the ability to "go on the wild journeys of such wild minds," but is generally able to find his way home again. He is not a lunatic, for "the lunatic is he who loses his way and cannot return."

JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI.

New England's Naturalist

Audacious Audubon, by Edward A. Muschamp. New York: Brentanos. $3.50.

THIS readable book presents the story of a truly remarkable man. Endowed by nature with charm and a variety of talents as well as some of this world's goods; married, moreover, to a competent, steadfast wife—one would have expected his genius to blossom early and endure long. But he was so completely unfitted to the tasks that the world set before him, so unable to cope with the business of making money, that his every venture failed.

From childhood on Audubon loved the woods and its inhabitants, chiefly the birds. He drew and painted them. He lay long hours in the forest watching them, and indelible imprints of their form and color and actions were etched upon his mind. What a danger or, as it eventually turned out, what a boon was the limitless wilderness of America in the early nineteenth century to such a spirit! After bankruptcy forced him to take stock of himself, he finally realized that he could not continue to live two lives. He decided then to stake all on his knowledge of birds and his ability as an artist.

The story of the years that followed, spent alone in the woods or wandering from town to town selling pictures of animals or painting portraits for a living, is an epic in perseverance. Constantly separated from the family that he dearly loved, knowing that his brave wife must support herself and their two boys, always poor and usually destitute himself, he accomplished the seemingly impossible task of painting most of the birds of America in their natural habitats.

We see him finally sailing for England unknown and unheralded. His days were still clouded by doubts and financial worries, but his star was at last in the ascendant. He gained almost immediate recognition and soon succeeded in having his monumental volumes published—full-sized colored plates of 1,065 birds, from the eagle and the turkey down to the smallest feathered creature. Then after many voyages back and forth he returned finally to this country to live with his family, secure at last in his position.

The acclaim that was his as artist and ornithologist, and the later works that he published, are well known. He is commemorated in marble and bronze, and in the name of the society that protects his well-loved birds. The world had rejected him and placed his name among the indolent and the wasters. But he made capital of his seeming weakness, and lived to receive the applause of that world as the fruit of his unbounded faith and energy.

WILLIAM M. AGAR.

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Northern Builders

Early Church Art in Northern Europe, by Josef Strzygowski. New York: Harper and Brothers. $8.00.

TO ALL whom the lore of European building and ornament fascinates—and likewise to all who are themselves engaged in structural art—the present book by Professor Strzygowski may be recommended with genuine enthusiasm. It expresses a point of view which the author has previously defended against sceptical critics, which is probably to be accepted with caution, but which is definitely stimulating, challenging and suggestive. What share did northern Europe take in the development of architecture? Or are we to believe, with the humanist, that all progress came through Rome? Strzygowski holds that the northern races not merely made a real contribution, but that their purpose in building was unique and therefore creative. Two chapters are devoted to relatively special topics: the pre-Romanesque art of the Croatians, and the royal tombs of Scandinavia. The second topic is of absorbing interest. The first is dependent upon foundations too meagre to stir up much enthusiasm, but throws some light upon the important problem of Visigothic building.

Four chapters on wood architecture form the heart of the volume and contain its "message." The solid timber construction of early eastern Europe may indeed, as Strzygowski contends, have developed its own forms of vault and cupola. Half-timber churches, on the other hand, are seen as forming the major achievement of the Celts in the art of building. The chapter devoted to them is virtually a commentary upon Bede's phrase—"more Scotorum"—to describe a type of structure common in the England of his time. Then there is a most instructive chapter on Norwegian mast churches, which leads one to believe that this northern country is destined to get its share of future architectural pilgrims. It is a pity that Strzygowski's book could not have been put into better English. Despite the rare appeal of its subject-matter, this volume is as hard to read as an immigrant's diary. Even so it deserves a hearing and will (one hopes) get it.

AMBROSE FARLEY.

Mementoes

Blue Juniata, by Malcolm Cowley. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.00.

MR. COWLEY'S selection from the verses he has published in random periodicals during the last ten years forms, in effect, a sort of handbook of contemporary literary history. From the transmuted Symbolism from which was derived Imagism, to Dadaism, Surrealism and finally the Neo-classicism of Paul Valéry, one finds in these fifty-odd poems of Blue Juniata mementoes of all of those revolutions and counter-revolutions with which the steady accumulation of tradition has appeared, in France, to be impeded, in much the same way that an avalanche appears to be impeded by the boulders that presently it will pulverize and assimilate as part of itself. For Mr. Cowley's background is almost wholly French. In this he is typical of those contemporary writers with whom he has been pleased to ally himself as belonging to his "literary generation." Unless one attributes more importance than they deserve to the earliest poems in this collection, poems not yet wholly alienated from the direction English poetry was taking in America during Mr. Cowley's adolescence, through Robinson and Frost, it is necessary to admit that the direction of Mr. Cowley's writing is toward

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a complete assimilation of the French tradition. And this is true of the majority of our modern experimentalists. Only Mr. E. E. Cummings, whose typographical experiments have too long obscured the depths to which the roots of his poems are engaged in the English language, can be said really to adhere to an English tradition of poetry.

But it is not wholly as a technician that Mr. Cowley may be said to typify his literary generation. His point of view is theirs—arisen from "a feeling of timeless melancholy, dry, reckless, defeated and perverse," a feeling of impotence to call order into "a world of bric-à-brac," as Jean Cocteau has named it; finding in a facile cynicism a dry substitute for the possession of a world galvanized and made whole. One is inclined rather to regret that Gertrude Stein once remarked of them that theirs is a damned generation, feeling that statement to be one in which they find a sort of morbid comfort.

Perhaps it was consciousness of this impotence and some uncertain embarrassment concerning it which prompted Mr. Cowley to preface three of the five sections of his book with sketchy references to the post-war scene. To presume that they were added to the book out of embarrassment seems the kindest thing to do, for the presence of this emotion would indicate consciousness of the fact that even impotence can discover more splendid attitudes for itself than those in scale with Paris bars, "the old pretzel women," "the business men dictating to three stenographers and a dictaphone."

I must admit that the chief significance to me of Mr. Cowley's volume is that of a literary handbook. There are, however, a small number of compositions, notably Leander and Two Swans, which have more than a historic importance.

R. Ellsworth Larsson.

Humane Production

Industrial Psychology; edited by Charles S. Myers. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $1.25.

ENGLISH investigators, at least in the social sciences, seem to have a greater capacity than Americans for the compression of their results into clear, readable language. They have a faculty for writing little big books. The present volume, one in the Home University Library series, is a case in point. Twelve of its thirteen chapters were prepared by members of the staff of the British National Institute of Industrial Psychology. The director, Dr. Myers, in addition to his editorial work has supplied an illuminating introduction.

This book furnishes a more humane picture of psychology in its practical industrial applications than others have done. It convinces you that the factors which are responsible for low-cost production are not the only ones in the mind of the expert. He is thinking of the comfort, even the pleasure of the operative as well. The whole volume goes to discredit the narrower viewpoint of the engineer. It holds out some hope that work, even that performed under greatest speed and pressure, may approximate play. These writers do not make the hasty mistake of reprobating mechanical advance; they recognize that ameliorations for the human complement must take the machine and its progressive improvement for granted. Many facts here recited show the ignorance and bigotry of both masters and men in opposing the applications of psychology to industry, for such opposition has often resulted in less ease and lower earnings to the worker, and less product and more friction for the employer. Every important topic is here discussed with authority and talent.

Broadus Mitchell.

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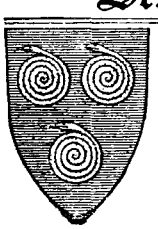
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Briefer Mention

The New American Caravan; edited by Alfred Kreymborg, Lewis Mumford and Paul Rosenfeld. New York: The Macaulay Company. $3.50.

THERE is excellent poetry in The New American Caravan, notably Phelps Putnam's Daughters of the Sun, and John Gould Fletcher's Ballad of the Great Emperor. But it contains very little in the way of first-rate prose. Yvor Winters's essay, the most ambitious thing in the book, is a turgid piece of writing; Mr. Winters, impressed with the specialness of his point of view, inventing a most ponderous expression for it. E. E. Cummings's nonsense novelette is hardly above the level of similar efforts in the college comics, and distinguishable from them chiefly by Mr. Cummings's ability to keep it up longer. There are good short stories by S. Guy Endore and Robert McAlmon, but the majority of contributions in this form are lifeless: without body, thin, highly mannered and dull. In The New American Caravan the poets lead by a mile.

Chains, by Joseph Delmont. New York: The Dial Press. $2.50.

AN INTELLIGENTLY wielded blue pencil would have brought Joseph Delmont's Chains very close to an excellent novel. It suffers from an overabundance of episode and verbiage that merely divert attention from the central theme and add nothing of authenticity to the picture of a young Jewish student's revolt against a czarist government, his travestied trial, banishment to Siberia and escape. It is in the sequences describing Haschel's flight that the author has risen to his finest descriptive powers. Chains is well worth reading for those passages alone.

Hunting Hidden Treasures, by Harold T. Wilkins. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $3.00.

WE TAKE a good deal of pleasure, and no little pride, in bringing this book to the attention of readers who have been waiting for a collection of the proper documents relating to buried and sunken treasure. For their gratification, Mr. Wilkins has looked into "unprinted sea logs and diaries in the historical archives of the British Public Record Office and the British Museum," colonial records, old newspapers, and so on. It must have entailed no slight labor, and we trust that he will not now go unrewarded.

CONTRIBUTORS

FRANCIS D. WALTON is the aviation editor of the New York Herald Tribune.

JOHANNES MATTERN is a member of the faculty of Johns Hopkins University and the author of several treatises on phases of political science.

L. A. G. STRONG, professor at Oxford, is the author of Dublin Days.

JESSICA POWERS is a contemporary American poet.

F J. SHEED is the senior member of Sheed and Ward, publishers, London.

STOYAN CHRISTOWE, a former special correspondent from the Balkans, is a frequent contributor to current magazines.

GLENN WARD DRESBACH is a poet of Chicago, whose books include In Colors of the West; The Enchanted Mesa; and Star-Dust and Stone.

REV. JOHN A. RYAN is professor of moral theology and industrial ethics in the Catholic University of America, and director of the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. He is the author of A Living Wage; and Social Reconstruction.

MARY ELLEN CHASE is a professor of English literature in Smith College, and the author of The Golden Asse and Other Essays.

JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI is a member of The Commonweal staff.

WILLIAM M. AGAR is professor of geology in Columbia University.

AMBROSE FARLEY is a reviewer for the critical press.

R. ELLSWORTH LARSSON, poet and critic, is the author of O City, Cities!

BROADUS MITCHELL, associate professor of political economy at Johns Hopkins University, is the author of William Gregg, Factory Master of the Old South; and Frederick Law Olmstead, a Critic of the Old South.

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